Meritocracy in Pro Football • Bankrolling the Right • Fairlie's Last Sin
John Canaday on Degas • John Seelye on the Ladies' Influence

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

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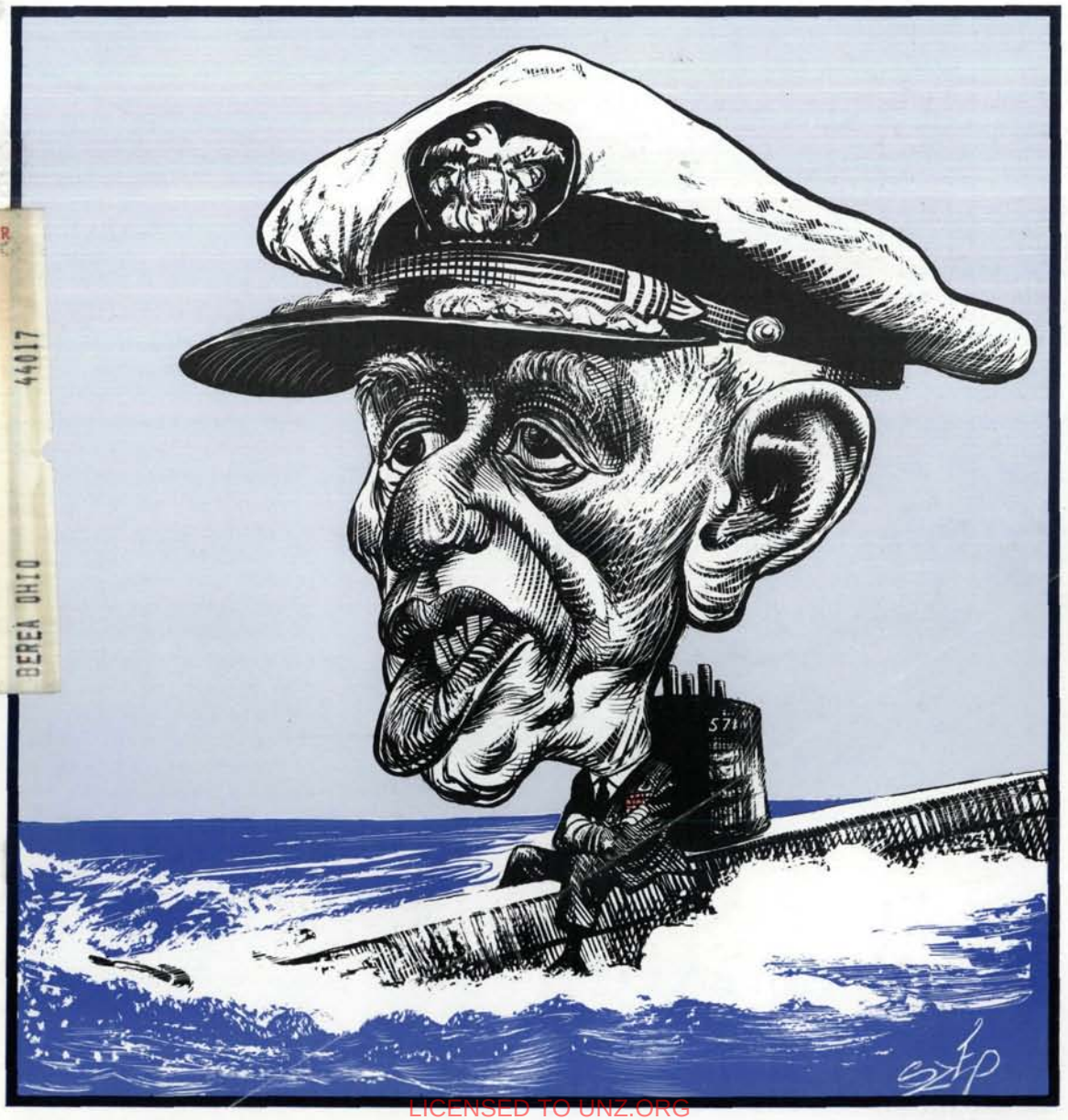
November 12, 1977 Price 75 cents

## Hyman Rickover: The Ancient Submariner



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# TRB

from Washington ®
November 12, 1977

## Fairness for Farmers

The full-page ad in the *Washington Post* portrays a huddled and mournful family of six (twin little girls, no less) with the headline, "I can't believe this is happening to us." And what is happening? The copy explains: "It's happening. In America. In the United States of America. . . . Just a few weeks ago, the government told us they are going to take away our land."

What really is happening is that the Interior Department finally intends to enforce a great populist law that has been evaded for 75 years. The law was supposed to insure that the huge federal water projects that allowed the West to flower would help and encourage small family farms rather than large absentee agribusiness. Now the lobbying and lies that have prevented enforcement of this law are reaching a crescendo, of which this ad campaign by "Citizens for Government Fairness" is a part.

The Reclamation Act of 1902, which put the federal government in the business of building dams and canals to irrigate the desert, contained two restrictions: nobody could get federal water to irrigate more than 160 acres; and the owner had to live on or near the land to qualify for water. President Theodore Roosevelt said when he signed the act, "The money is being spent to build up the little man of the West so that no big man from East or West can come in to get a monopoly on the water or the land."

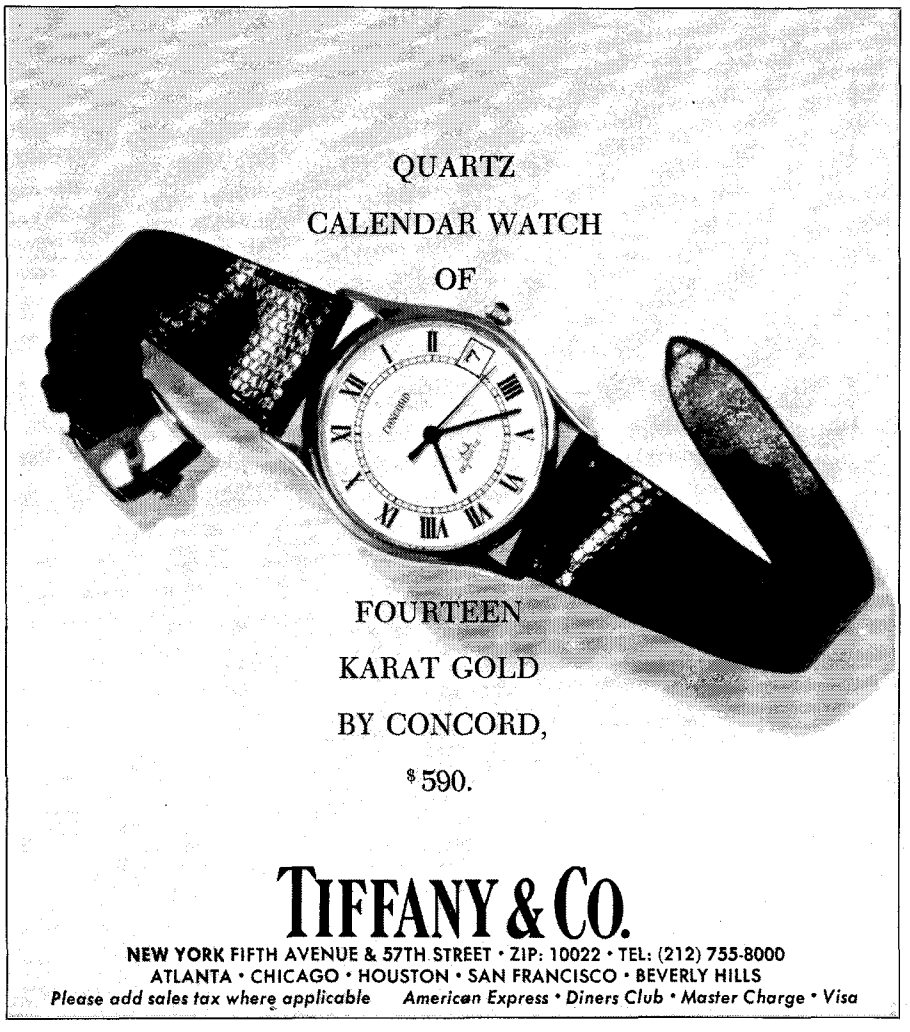
One area that has benefited most from federal reclamation projects has been the Imperial Valley of California, now a lush agricultural region where our *I-can't-believe-it's-happening* family resides. The Imperial Valley gets its water from the Colorado River below the Hoover Dam, by way of the All-American Canal. These two reclamation projects were authorized in 1928 and built in the 1930s. The *can't-believe-it* newspaper ad asserts, "Well, that old 1902 Act has nothing to do with our . . . land. And that fact was documented at the time by a letter from the Secretary of the Interior."

This is a famous letter. Here is how it came to be written. After Roosevelt was elected in November 1932, the Imperial Valley landowners became worried that he might actually try to enforce this law. So they quickly wrote to a Hoover administration official in the Bureau of Reclamation asking for an official ruling, "provided that such ruling would be that the 160-acre limitation did not apply." To make things crystal-clear, the request said that the Imperial Valley representative "doesn't want any formal ruling, of course, if the Solicitor were to hold that the limitation applies."

On February 24, 1933 (administrations changed in March in those days), Hoover's Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, produced a letter expressing an opinion that the 160-acre limitation doesn't apply to the Imperial Valley. It was based on the dubious argument that the Reclamation Act refers to water *sold* by the government, whereas the Imperial Valley gets its water for free. Wilbur's assistant, who whipped this letter across his desk in the closing days of the Hoover administration, was a lawyer named Northcutt Ely. A month later Ely went into private practice in Washington. He has been on retainer from the Imperial Valley Irrigation District ever since.

In most other western areas irrigated by federal water, the 160-acre limitation is technically enforced, but actually evaded by use of various legal shenanigans such as large partnerships and complicated leases. These are possible because the residency requirement—the part of the 1902 Act intended to prevent absentee ownership—never has been enforced. The Interior Department's position—under heavy political pressure—has been that this requirement was implicitly repealed when it was not repeated in another reclamation-related act of 1926. A US District Court recently ruled against this interpretation, and now Secretary of the Interior Andrus has decided that both the residency requirement and the 160-acre limitation should be enforced throughout the federally irrigated area.

*(continued on page 42)*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Eleven times a year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects; puzzles, games and just plain fun. It avoids any suggestion of violence or crime in words or pictures. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of each young subscriber's permanent library.

HIGHLIGHTS *appeals to a wide age range:* from tots of 2 who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12-year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. A special annual Resource/Index issue, coming at the end of each calendar year, organizes each year's 11-issue collection as a reference source, to be turned to again and again as the child's interests and reading ability expand.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN is not available on the newsstands but is sold by subscription only, for the editors feel that part of its value is its continuing program of fresh, imaginative material.

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**THE NEW REPUBLIC**

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
November 12, 1977

# Why Apartheid is Worse

To put it in a nutshell, why do we pick on South Africa? Why do the western democracies in general, and the United States in particular, involve themselves at all in the struggle against the apartheid regime, and think that it is not only right but even morally incumbent on them that they should be so involved? What about South Africa is unique, so that it demands a response that we do not feel required to make to official malefaction elsewhere? Why are the apologists for South Africa wrong when they accuse its critics of a double standard, since these critics condemn with equal vigor and frequency the disgraces of other governments? At any moment on this issue, if we are not sure of the moral position we are adopting, we tremble on the brink of hypocrisy. What we should or can do to change South Africa is not the question we are discussing here. We need first to be clear and then to make clear why the policies of the South African government call for an exceptional moral response from us.

Moral questions as they affect public policy do not exist in a vacuum. They arise in a particular time in a particular place. It is irrelevant to point out, as some of the apologists for South Africa do with a note of triumph, that the white immigrants to North America, as well as New Zealand and Australia, dispossessed and virtually exterminated their native populations, with a ruthlessness which the early immigrants to South Africa did not employ. It was not out of any tenderness of feeling that the Dutch and English settlers in Southern Africa did not pursue the same policies of dispossession and virtual extermination. The circumstances were different. For one thing, the native population in South Africa was always more clearly the majority than elsewhere—about two million during the period of colonial settlement, compared to perhaps 100,000 in New Zealand, 300,000 in Australia, 220,000 in Canada, and under a million in the United States.

But we are not concerned with the perceptions and values of the white settlers of the 17th and 18th centuries. Even the greatest *philosophes* of the Enlightenment described the American Indians as orangutans. If such were the perceptions then, they are not our perceptions now. We are concerned with the native people of South Africa as we perceive them and they perceive themselves *now*, and with the white people of South Africa as part of a western civilization and heritage as it exists and is clearly understood *now*, and on both these grounds the South African government has placed itself in an untenable position. Our civilization no longer thinks of the Indian as an orangutan, or the Negro as a child. We find it hard to place ourselves in the world of the slaveowner, not because the slaveowner was particularly evil and we are righteous, but because we are simply no longer able to entertain the assumptions of the slaveowner. Our predominantly white civilization has long since acknowledged that people of differently colored skin are not different from white people in the essential humanity that we share. We cannot go back on that



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perception, except at the risk of undermining all the other perceptions and values that have created the reasonably humane and liberal societies of our civilization, and that are also the underpinning of our perceptions of ourselves and of our own individual humanity.

South Africa is increasingly isolated, not simply because of the policies that the rest of the world has adopted toward its regime. It is more severely isolated because in no other part of the world are the perceptions and assumptions of its government still held: not in the western democracies, not in communist countries, not in the third world. This is not to excuse the disgraces in many of these countries. But only the South African regime defines our common humanity in terms which the rest of the human race now rejects. This is one reason why it has almost made itself an outlaw, even though the atrocities of Idi Amin, say, measure for measure surpass its own. Idi Amin may have placed himself outside the human race as an individual; South Africa is in danger of placing itself outside as an entire society, by defining the human race in terms that everyone else now rejects.

We cannot regard the white rulers of South Africa as if they come from backward cultures, which deserve our dispensation, or from countries such as Russia or China, which never have enjoyed anything but arbitrary rule and discriminatory justice of various kinds and degrees. They are Dutch of our Dutch, and English of our English. When Britain granted them self-government at the end of the Boer War, it was assumed that, like other nations of white settlers, they would remain and progress within the broad but clear boundaries of the liberal and democratic philosophy which these other nations—mainly the British dominions and the United States—had worked out and held in common. We cannot now go back on that either, unless we wish to weaken the claims of our democracies at their very foundation.

The former subjects of the European empires have claimed their independence with the very ideas those empires brought with them, along with their technology and their commerce and even their arms. The ideas of individual freedom and equality and impartial justice, to say nothing of the idea of the nation itself, did not really exist outside western civilization until western civilization roamed with them to every corner of the world. It may be said that these ideas have been poorly learned; in many cases that is sadly true. It may also be said that the European empires were forced, by their weakness, to grant independence before it was ideally desirable; many of those responsible for granting it would agree, while insisting that there was no choice. But the western nations, with the United States now at their head, cannot today be heedless of the fact—or abandon their responsibility for it—that it was western ideas that awakened the third world from what Marx called "the sleep of centuries."

It is painful to "pick on South Africa," as its apologists put it, when we can make only a numb protest of horror at the worse individual atrocities that are committed elsewhere. There are many good South Africans. We do not even care to describe Mr. Vorster as an evil man; (it would be much easier if we could.) He and his colleagues are not evil, but the system they are erecting is evil, and it is bound to become more so. A social system that is itself an atrocity, is more repellant than other atrocities, even though its individual inhumanities may not seem to add up to a surpassing indictment of it. This is what Mr. Vorster and his government do not seem to understand. But we have to understand and proclaim it, and then act effectively against it, because this atrocious system rests on western ideas and western institutions, the foundations of a western society, defends itself with all the strength of western technology and the vigor of western industry and commerce.

We cannot be said to "interfere" in South Africa, because South Africa is part of us, and we are part of South Africa. Our religions are there, our philosophies, our skills. The long endeavor of our civilization is there. We cannot, without protest and without trying to influence events, let these be used to conduct a headlong retreat from them. For this is what is happening. We are not talking of a country that has yet to advance, but of one that is retreating from even its own earlier conceptions. That retreat has been going on since Jan Smuts was defeated at the polls in 1948. As long as this retreat continues, it is not only the rights of the native population that are more and more eroded; even the rights of the white population are increasingly in danger, as the recent acts of the government have shown. This is the path on which South Africa is being set. We cannot passively acquiesce in its choice.

# White House Watch

## Dealing for Jobs

It somehow seems right and natural that this account of efforts to devise a full-employment bill that the President will endorse should begin with the story of a foulup at the Carter White House.

Deputy Press Secretary Rex Granum was asked on October 29 whether the officials acting for the President in the matter—principally Charles L. Schultze, chairman of the Council of Economic



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# Correspondence

## Merit in action

*To the editors:*

Michael Kinsley's sweeping attack on the "innate unfairness" of the merit principle ("The Conspiracy of Merit," *TNR*, Oct. 15) leads me to wonder what principle he relies on in his role as Managing Editor of *The New Republic*. How does he allot the "power, prestige, and wealth" that come from having articles published in your journal? Does he believe, as his article surely implies, that stupid people are as much entitled to appear in your pages as smart ones? If not, and if he believes that the editors of *The New Republic* are justified in seeking to publish the best articles by the best writers they can find, I wish he would explain this unique exemption from the general principles of justice he espouses.

*Marc F. Plattner*
*The Twentieth Century Fund*

*A brief reply:*

We do attempt to publish the best possible articles every week. But: (1) We do so in order to serve our readers, and not out of any sense that better writers are morally more *entitled* to have their works published than poorer ones. (2) Unlike a medical school admissions committee or most other arbiters of merit, in choosing among articles we at least are measuring the result and not trying to predict it. And (3) We don't pretend that our methods of selection are very refined. We do our best, but no doubt we often turn down better articles than we publish.

*Michael Kinsley*

## Rewarding reading

*To the editors:*

Morton M. Kondracke's Washington Diarist essay on dictators (*TNR*, Oct. 15) is the most profound and useful commentary on dictatorship compressed into a brief space I can ever remember reading. And I have spent the past 30 years pondering the problem of evaluating dictatorship. He deals with Asia. My field of specialization centers in Latin America. I am using the Kondracke model to construct a scale-o-gram for Latin American dictators. I

*(continued on page 41)*




# Fertilizing: Its importance in creating superior wines.

Fertilizing the vineyard is a vital part in the art of growing premium wine grapes. It is not a simple operation.

### Its Importance

A healthy grapevine can thrive for 80 years or more. In fact, the older its stock, generally the better its grapes.

During the vine's lifetime its nutritional requirements will change from its earliest years—when it is being trained to the desired form for grape growing—to its later years—as it gradually matures into an established vine.

Thus, any fertilizer program that is to be complete must take into consideration both the vine's long-term needs and its immediate requirements.

### Different Needs

Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

These different soils require different fertilizers in different amounts to compensate for deficiencies. As a result, we have kept a precise history of all the fertilizing experiences in our vineyards over the past 30 years.

We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a renditon of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be analyzed and compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to determine the source of the problem and the type and quantity of fertilizer which is required.

### Fertilizing As An Exact Science

There are two good reasons why we take so much care when it comes to fertilizing: under-fertilizing and over-fertilizing. Under-fertilizing greatly reduces vine growth and bud fruitfulness, whereas over-fertilizing can produce such exceptionally heavy leaf growth as to curtail bud fruitfulness and grape production.

These phenomena are the result of an imbalance of what is known as the carbohydrate-nitrogen level of the vine.

A high carbohydrate-moderate nitrogen level produces moderate vegetative growth, early wood maturity, abundant fruit bud formation and good fruit production.

This is what we look for in the Gallo Vineyards.

### Petiole Analysis

In addition to normal soil analysis in our vineyards we also employ a test known as "petiole analysis."

The petiole is the stalk of a vine leaf. By taking a sample of it and analyzing it, we can determine the current nutritional status of the entire grapevine.

If we find that a particular area of one of our vineyards is weaker than the rest, we will immediately gather 200 or more petiole samples from that section—plus a like number from a healthier area of the same vineyard for comparison.

By analyzing the tissues of all these samples, we can readily and specifically determine if the weaker area has a deficiency of nitrogen, potassium, zinc, boron or some other vital mineral.

### Our Solution

These are only a few of the many special steps we take in the Gallo Vineyards to try to grow the finest grapes possible.

It is only by such meticulous care along the entire chain of grape growing and winemaking steps that we can hope to achieve our goal:

To provide you with the finest wines we can produce.

*Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California*




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Advisers; Stuart Eizenstat, chief of the domestic policy staff; and Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall—had submitted a proposal resulting from their negotiations with the authors and sponsors of the pending Humphrey-Hawkins bill. "To the best of my knowledge," Granum answered, "no final proposal is on his desk. He continues to consider a number of memoranda which have been sent to him." Press Secretary Jody Powell, who has irritated the easily irritated White House press corps by delegating most of the daily news briefings to Granum, said on October 31 that the President had received "a basic option paper on Humphrey-Hawkins" and had asked his negotiators "for further information."

Granum was uninformed. Powell was misinformed. The President received the option paper on or about October 19. As of November 2 he had not asked the negotiators for further information or reacted to the report in any way, except to indicate to Eizenstat that he intended to react to it before mid-November. Until Carter accepts or rejects the recommended revisions and chooses among the options offered on a few points of remaining disagreement between his people and the Humphrey-Hawkins negotiators, the foregoing is all that can be said with certainty about the recent discussions and the prospects of a measure acceptable to the President, to a majority in Congress, and to such special-interest groups as the Congressional Black Caucus, the AFL-CIO, the National Council of Churches and 29 other organizations that support the concept of a binding federal commitment to "full employment."

At this writing, however, the indications are that Carter will accept the agreed revisions and maintain in doing so that he has brought about important changes in the current bill without impairing its central thrust, including the declared aim of reducing the overall rate of national unemployment to four percent within a stipulated period after the bill is enacted. The Humphrey-Hawkins negotiators—chiefly black Representative Augustus F. Hawkins of California; Leon Keyserling, the inventor and second chairman of the White House Council of Economic Advisers; and Timothy Barnicle, legislative assistant to Senator Hubert Humphrey—are prepared to assure key supporters of the full-employment concept, in and out of Congress, that the essential features of the present Humphrey-Hawkins bill remain intact. The President and his people are set to emphasize the claim that the changes give him more flexibility and freedom of decision than the pending bill would. Hawkins, Keyserling, Barnicle and the bill's ailing and ravaged but again active co-sponsor, Senator Humphrey, may be expected to argue that Congress retains in the prospective revision an unprecedented share of what Keyserling has called "the responsibility for setting full employment and other economic goals, and for planning and implementing the policies and programs to reach these goals."

Carter's record of off-and-on support for Humphrey-Hawkins and the full employment principle is less spotty and more consistent than it's commonly understood to be. With a single exception, he has qualified his promises of support with demands for change in the several versions of the bill as they were when he spoke. On April 1, 1976, he said that the version then in Congress was "a laudable piece of legislation," called upon its sponsors to clarify "how the goals set forth in it are to be achieved," and concluded: "I support, and as President I would sign, the Humphrey-Hawkins bill *as amended* [emphasis added], given my current understanding of the bill." In his statement of positions to the Democratic platform committee on June 16, 1976, he recommended without qualification "support for the Full Employment Act of 1976," meaning Humphrey-Hawkins as it then was. The platform endorsed the Humphrey-Hawkins principle of federal commitment to full employment but not the bill by name. On July 28, 1976, at a press conference in Plains, he said rather scornfully that "I haven't kept up with the day-to-day amendments to the Humphrey-Hawkins bill" and added, "But the overall purposes of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill—yes, I do support it." On March 5, 1977, during his first telephone call-in chat with citizens, he again mentioned the constant changes in the pending bill and said with the same note of condescension that he had struck during his campaign, "The Humphrey-Hawkins bill is pretty much a philosophical kind of expression of our government's commitment to full employment."

Economists and others on Carter's campaign issues staff had treated the 1976 bill as if it were much more than "a philosophical kind of expression." Leon Keyserling, who has been working with Hubert Humphrey since the 1950s and more recently with Augustus Hawkins as a full-employment consultant, usually without pay but lately with Hawkins as a paid House subcommittee adviser, understood from Carter representatives that changes he wrote into the 1976 version and were incorporated in a revision introduced by Hawkins and Humphrey in January, 1977, would make the bill acceptable to Carter. Carter people say this is an exaggeration of what they meant to convey to Keyserling: the changes, they say they meant to indicate, would make the full employment concept and targeted unemployment rates—but not the 1977 version in all its details—acceptable to Carter.

As a life-long believer that Congress is not constitutionally intended, is not equipped and cannot equip itself to run the government, I find the 1977 version of Humphrey-Hawkins an appalling document in some respects. One of many appalling passages follows: "The President shall within 180 days after the date of enactment of this Act transmit to Congress a comprehensive regional and structural unemployment proposal, including such legislation as necessary,



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designed to reduce the chronic underutilization of human and capital resources in certain areas of the country and in groups within the labor force. In formulating the regional components of such a proposal, the President shall encourage private sector production and employment to locate within depressed regions, inner cities and rural areas with substantial unemployment. The President's regional employment proposal shall also include an analysis of the extent to which federal government tax, expenditure and employment policies have influenced the movement of people, jobs and industry from chronic high unemployment regions and areas, and proposals designed to correct federal policies that have an adverse economic impact upon such regions and areas."

One official answer to the question, why it took the five months since last June, when the negotiations began, to agree on revisions that are said to leave the current version substantially intact, is that a lot of time was devoted to clarifying and simplifying the January 1977 language. That, God knows, was a worthwhile endeavor. A further answer to the question is that agreeing on definitions of "unemployment" (are persons temporarily in federal work or training projects "unemployed"?) consumed gobs of talking time. A passage in the 1977 version could be read to require the President to make the Federal Reserve Board conform its monetary policies to his budgetary policy and other federal policies affecting employment and production. Getting that passage changed to reflect the fact that only Congress can make the FRB do or not do anything sucked up negotiating time. In a pamphlet published under the bylines of Hawkins and Humphrey, Keyserling wrote that one of the changes in the 1976 version resulted in this language in the 1977 version: "The Congress declares and establishes the right of all adult Americans (sixteen years of age and older) able, willing and seeking work to opportunities for useful paid employment at fair rates of compensation." An issue during the negotiations was whether this entitled unemployed persons to sue the federal government for jobs or recompense. Keyserling, Hawkins and Barnicle for Humphrey said that this was not the intention and that the passage stated a legally unenforceable right. They also agreed to changes that clearly identify the targeted unemployment rates (three percent for adults 20 and over, four percent for the entire work force 16 and over) as goals rather than mandated objectives and increase the time for attaining them from four to five years.

Such matters have dominated and will continue to dominate media and other discussion of Humphrey-Hawkins. The basic issue in my opinion is whether Jimmy Carter may soon be called upon to sign or veto an act of Congress forbidding or requiring him to stand up while he puts on and removes his pants.

**John Osborne**

On the Hill.

# Behavior Modification

A "code of conduct" suggests something imposed by adults on children. The codes I remember all inspired passionate feelings of boredom. The more specific they were, the more they were ridiculed and abused. The really thorough rules, the ones that tried to reach out and grab every nuance of wickedness by the scruff of the neck, were the worst. It was a triumph to break them. Other rules didn't arouse the same vandal spirit. The intimidating ones were vague and absolute and said things like, "Thou shalt not steal."

Many people in Washington are writing codes of conduct today, but few know how to make them intimidating. Doctors and lawyers are revising their ethical codes. The House of Representatives is struggling to do the same. The President handed down a code for his staff and appointees, to the undoing of Bert Lance. Even the Senate has succumbed. Last April it voted to revise its code of conduct along general lines, and now its Ethics Committee is hammering out specifics.

Senator Adlai Stevenson, III of Illinois, chairman of the committee, ran the meeting I visited on October 27. The work was going on in a small room tucked away in the Capitol—so small that I felt I had barged in on a private affair. At one end of the table were four bored senators (Stevenson, Harrison Schmitt of New Mexico, John Tower of Texas and Robert Morgan of North Carolina). At the other end was the staff, alert and silent. Stevenson was explaining a basic concept of law to the gathering: the idea that what is specifically prohibited cannot also be permitted. He was trying to demonstrate to his colleagues that if the Senate voted to prohibit donations to help defray a senator's official expenses, which it has done, the Ethics Committee could not interpret the rule to mean that a senator could accept such gifts. The senators shifted in their seats. They didn't seem impressed.

Stevenson had taken the absolute line on this rule, as he had on others, and found that absolutism isn't workable. His colleagues have been helpful in pointing out the flaws in his approach. "In a country as large and diverse as this. . . " they begin to say when they want to point out another flaw. In a country as diverse as this, it would be wrong to tell a senator that he cannot receive "gifts in kind" from loyal constituents. The Senate has agreed that a senator should be able to receive some free volunteer help in his office (interns) and some other free services. That seems reasonable. But how far can the exception be stretched?

The committee was trying to decide where to draw the line, and was mired in detail. Tower asked if it would be wrong to accept a free subscription to a



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newspaper or scholarly journal. Would it be wrong to borrow a mailing list without paying for it? The staff had no clear opinion on the former but thought the latter would be wrong if it meant using a list that other people must pay for. Schmitt said he thought it would be a shame to ban those free mailings from the Brookings Institution. Senators find them very useful. Tower walked out. Morgan asked, would it be wrong, for example, to send out mailings to all readers of *National Guard* magazine of North Carolina without paying for the use of the list? He asked the staff to make a study of it. Stevenson replied that the staff could write a paper about it, of course, but it really had nothing to study, since the question had not been debated on the floor or in committee, and there is no legal history to review. The staff would be no better informed after its "study" than before. But the senators were uneasy; they didn't want to be forced into a hasty decision. Stevenson relented. The staff was told to make an outline of a proposed study and come back the next week for approval to begin the study. No votes were taken. Then the committee went into closed session, and I was evicted.

I went to see the committee's chief of staff, Kenneth Gray, to find out how long it would take to write a code of conduct if this pace were kept up. His office is in a building that once was the Carroll Arms Hotel and is now another shelter for the creeping bureaucracy of Congress, packed with Senate staffers. Under a brass chandelier where the lobby must have been, an aide labored away. When I passed through, the aide was standing in shirtsleeves, feeding a stack of papers into a humming machine that made a soft "fzzt" and turned the papers to puffs of confetti.

Staff chief Gray took me into an office in back with parti-colored windows and began to explain the code. What the Senate voted for last April was only a "skeleton." The Ethics Committee, which he thinks should be called the Code of Conduct Committee, is putting on the flesh. It is a gradual process, an ongoing process, immensely complicated, fraught with difficulty. Some tasks have been farmed out to other committees. For example, a separate group is looking at the misuse of staff in senatorial campaigns. Another will write employment guidelines to deal with discrimination. Yet another will report on the tax status of contributions used for official purposes. And what is an official expense anyway? Gray asked. The Internal Revenue Service never has decided officially what "official" is.

"There is movement," Gray said. "We back off in some places and make it tougher in others." When a rule proves unworkable, it is revised. One major revision the Ethics Committee did *not* ask for but had to accept was made by the Senate Rules Committee, a coequal writer of codes. Stevenson's group decided that no member of a senator's staff could solicit campaign funds. The Rules Committee disagreed and changed the rule back to what it had been before Stevenson: two designated staff members may solicit funds, provided they file personal financial statements. The Rules Committee may soon make a revision in another controversial area, having to do with the misuse of staff during a campaign. Gray didn't know how long it would take to finish this process of haggling and rewriting—perhaps a year, maybe more.

Some important changes will take effect immediately, however. The biggest will require senators and staffers earning $25,000 or more to disclose their assets, liabilities and income annually, starting next May. Another forbids accepting gifts of more than $100 a year from lobbyists, unless the Ethics Committee grants a waiver. Another, the most hated rule, limits outside income for senators and staff members making over $35,000 a year to 15 percent of salary. Another forbids senators from becoming lobbyists for a year after leaving the Senate. Campaign funds may not be used for personal expenses. Office slush funds are restricted. There are many others, none of them simple, all in flux.

The Senate deserves an A for agony in its self-reform, even if it is turning out a set of standards as difficult to fathom as the Internal Revenue Code. Senators Stevenson and Gaylord Nelson, who led the campaign, preferred simpler, broader rules in many cases. But those are hard to enact. The Senate accepted such revisions as were made only because Majority Leader Robert Byrd persuaded the members that something had to be done to redeem Congress's image. He pushed through the Stevenson-Nelson rules.

The leadership has been more enthusiastic about writing general rules than it has been about launching an investigation of particular abuses that might embarrass individual senators. It is easier to write rules than to challenge a rule breaker, and the Senate is in no hurry to learn whether it harbors any of these. Kenneth Gray said he had seen nothing that solidly implicates a senator in the Korean bribery scandal, had received no sworn complaint against a senator and didn't expect to receive any. Nevertheless, it seems odd to this outsider that the Korean government would spend $9 million to befriend congressmen and agency officials, but never spend anything on the Senate. The House hired a crack scandal shooter—Leon Jaworski—to clean up its Korean mess. It has held three days of public hearings and plans to have more. The Senate, by contrast, only began to hire an investigative staff in September, and its part-time scandal shooter, a Georgetown law school professor David Victor Kramer, hasn't the foggiest idea where the investigation will begin. His report is due on May 1.

People who haven't the wisdom that a Senate majority leader has might guess that the way to clean up a scandal is to begin at the opposite end, by enforcing the old rules first. Political naifs may wonder how the



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Senate can hope to enforce a code of conduct that reads like tax law if it has trouble enforcing a simple rule like, "Thou shalt not take bribes."

**Eliot Marshall**

Impeachment for fun and profit.

# Plunder on the Right

It may have escaped your notice, but another impeachment resolution was dropped into the hopper of the House of Representatives the other day. This one is intended to remove United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young. It has not escaped general notice that Young has been more than usually outspoken for a diplomat, and that he uses his government position as a platform for commentary on matters with no bearing on US foreign policy. Both inside and outside the State Department, there are many who find that habit objectionable. To get my own views on this matter right out front, I think Andy Young will turn out to be President Carter's best appointment. Because of his personal stature and the presidential confidence he obviously enjoys—and, yes, because of his outspokenness and the color of his skin—he is the right man in the right job at the right time. He is also the first UN Ambassador to make the job a genuine cabinet-level position.

Tracing the impeachment drive against Young back to its source is like tracking weeds through a hothouse. The resolution is being shepherded in the House by Representative Larry McDonald of Georgia, who first came to Congress in 1974, when impeachment was last in the air. McDonald is familiar with his quarry; his district abuts onto the one Young represented until his appointment to the UN. Listening to McDonald talk of Young is like hearing Antony speak of Brutus at Caesar's funeral: "I have always held that Andrew Young adheres to strong principles. The difficulty is that those principles are at variance with the policies of the United States. Every time he blows the bugle, it's retreat for western civilization and advance for the forces of international communism."

McDonald's resolution lists 21 reasons why Young is unfit to hold his UN post, some of them offenses commited up to half-a-dozen years before he got the job. Most of the offenses, according to McDonald, deal with acts "favoring Communist or Communists [sic] sympathizing nations." Of course, these include Young's statements about Cuban troops being a stabilizing force in Angola and his refusal to oppose the admission of communist Vietnam to the UN. His statement in South Africa encouraging economic boycotts obviously makes the list. Young's characterizations of former Presidents Nixon and Ford as racists are lumped together as a single impeachable offense, but his comments about racism in Sweden and racism in Great Britain are separate articles. There is, at least, a sense of proportion to the document.

McDonald insists he is a man of serious intent. After all, he points out, he's dealing with the Constitution. He doesn't know just yet how his resolution will make its way to the floor of the House—whether the Speaker will assign it to the Judiciary Committee, the normal route for impeachment, or to International Affairs. But he is encouraged by his first foray among the membership. He asked 20 House colleagues to sign up and got nine signatures. "I found no one who didn't say the guy was a menace, but it's just a fact that you can't criticize an American black right now. It's a no-no."

There are no surprises on McDonald's list of cosponsors: Dan Marriott of Utah, Robert Stump of Arizona, John Ashbrook of Ohio, Philip Crane of Illinois, Steven Symms of Idaho and Robert Dornan, Robert Badham and John Rousselot of California. Crane, who recently became chairman of the American Conservative Union, is being touted in some rightwing circles as a potential Republican presidential nominee. In his new position, he's been preaching ecumenism among squabbling groups on the right. McDonald's campaign seems to be one way of advancing that cause.

Besides shagging around the corridors with his impeachment petition, Larry McDonald also is a member of the national council of the John Birch Society and serves as Secretary of Defense for an outfit called the Citizens Cabinet. From the latter post, he is supposed to monitor the US military establishment. Patterned after the out-of-power shadow cabinets common in parliamentary systems, the Citizens Cabinet is an offshoot of the Conservative Caucus. Other cabinet members include William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review* (Attorney General), New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson (Secretary of State), and Professor Hans Sennholz of the conservative, Austrian school of economics (Secretary of the Treasury).

The Cabinet Secretary, the man in charge of day-to-day operations, if such there be, is "Woody" Jenkins, a Wallace Democrat and representative of the voters of Baton Rouge in the state legislature of Louisiana. The purpose of the national shadow cabinet, Jenkins says, is to provide a philosophical alternative to the incumbent administration, an admirable idea in any democracy. There are also some sub-cabinet slots. The shadow Director of the FBI, for example, is Robert Morris, who was counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee when that committee was the last bastion of official vigilance against domestic communist subversion. Back then, Morris recruited young William Rusher to be the committee's deputy



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counsel; now Rusher has tapped Morris for the shadow-cabinet FBI slot. Morris also favors impeachment. Andrew Young, he says, comports himself more like the UN ambassador to the United States than the US ambassador to the UN.

The man behind the Citizens Cabinet and the Conservative Caucus is Howard Phillips, the fellow Richard Nixon stationed briefly at the Office for Economic Opportunity with a mandate to dismantle the antipoverty program. Phillips is also behind Larry McDonald's impeachment resolution, which, as McDonald tells it, was hatched by the two of them in his congressional office. Phillips keeps busy. He's been in 49 states since January 1, speaking, raising money and promoting the Conservative Caucus, which he hopes to build into a grassroots citizens organization with representation in every congressional district in the country. He now claims a mailing list of 250,000 (which is not the same as having 250,000 members).

The man behind Howard Phillips—and probably the reason he is so widely traveled—is Richard Viguerie. Viguerie, the direct-mail wizard of the "New Right," is a fellow who still says his political orientations were cemented by Joe McCarthy. He is the prime mover behind a loose alliance of right-wing political action organizations—Citizens for Decent Literature, No Amnesty for Deserters, Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, Gunowners of America, Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, the National Rifle Association, and, of course, The Conservative Caucus. He raised about six million dollars for George Wallace's 1976 campaign. Richard Viguerie is better at raising political money than he is at spending it. In the New Hampshire primary last year he invested $135,000 to generate a write-in campaign for former Treasury Secretary John Connally, which mustered exactly 35 votes.

Operating just outside Washington, DC, Viguerie now reportedly uses 25 "house lists" containing the names of 10 million Americans. His postal prospecting brings in about $25 million annually. The overhead involved in Viguerie's freewheeling style of direct mail is very high indeed, so only a small part of the money raised is actually applied to the uses intended by the donors who write the checks. Nonetheless, the amount that passes through Viguerie's books is awesome. If he is able to convert even 20 cents on the dollar to direct political action—about the proportion shown in some of his records—he must be taken very seriously.

This, of course, is where the impeachment of Andrew Young comes back into the picture. Viguerie has a theory that to raise money through the mails, you need to conjure up an enemy. For the crowd Viguerie mails to, Andy Young suits that purpose very well indeed. Actually, McDonald's impeachment resolution is stage-two in establishing Young as the enemy. Last summer, Governor Meldrim Thomson fired off the first volley in a hysterical four-page letter—widely distributed by Viguerie—bearing the official seal of the State of New Hampshire. Accompanying this diatribe was an action kit, including an "Andrew Young Must Go!" bumpersticker, a petition post card addressed to the White House, a brochure and, of course, an exhortation to send Thomson a check right away. The brochure contained a photograph of a horribly mangled child with the insinuation that Young supports communist-inspired terrorists in Africa. McDonald's announcement of his impeachment resolution was accompanied by a second wave of Viguerie-inspired mail solicitations, numbering 374,000, with proceeds to go to the Conservative Caucus. A person familiar with the fundraising tactics of the Viguerie organization says, "I suppose you could phrase it more respectably, but the fact is they've found a nigger in the Carter administration and they're mailing to the redneck lists."

What the impeach Andy Young drive comes down to, then, is just a few of the boys plying the free enterprise system with the aid of cheap bulk-mailing postal rates. It's much the same crowd that inspired the "Impeach Earl Warren" billboards some years ago.

Whichever committee Tip O'Neill sends Larry McDonald's impeachment resolution to, there it will gather dust. The only important thing is that it's in the hopper and, according to Phillips, the mailings have been profitable. That was always the sum and substance of the matter. As one of the co-signers of the congressional resolution admits, "Andy Young is far more useful to Howie Phillips in office than he ever would be out."

**Ken Bode**

What's the big hurry
for a Mideast peace conference?

# Geneva, Ho

In its rush to impose a Geneva conference on Israel and the Arabs before the end of this year, the Carter administration is violating three cardinal diplomatic principles. To wit: it is operating without a rational sense of timing, it is being foolishly overzealous, and it is vacillating in response to various pressures of the moment.

The growing opinion in Washington diplomatic circles—even among many pro-Arab diplomats who can't say it publicly—is that the Carter Middle East policy has been a non-starter at best. At worst, this policy may result in lasting grief to all parties concerned, with the possible exception of the Soviet Union which the administration suddenly recruited in October to help make the elusive Geneva conference an immediate reality.

Nobody questions President Carter's judgment that



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a comprehensive settlement in the Middle East is overdue and badly needed. The Israelis, the Egyptians, the Jordanians and others, each party for its own reasons, are anxious for a solution. But observers and participants question Carter's wisdom in trying to force a Geneva conference by the proposed deadline of December 21, just for the sake of there being one during 1977—presumably because he had somewhat thoughtlessly endorsed this proposition last spring.

Of course, it is entirely possible that the US will have its way and Israeli and Arab delegates will gather four days before Christmas on the shores of Lac Léman under American-Soviet supervision, in order to recess forthwith for the holidays. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance had told a delegation of Jewish leaders on October 26 that he was optimistic about the chances for a December conference, hinting mysteriously that his optimism was based on "new agreements" in the works that he was not free to discuss. But the choice of the pre-holiday date suggested to skeptical diplomats that the administration is prepared to settle for a symbolic reunion at which nothing substantive can possibly happen, and then is willing to let things drag diplomatically for an indefinite period in 1978 before the conference reconvenes—if it ever does. The White House appears to believe that it would be a plus for Carter, whose foreign policy problems are mounting, if the record showed that *a* Geneva conference took place during his first year in office.

But strong sentiment is developing in the diplomatic community that a merely "symbolic"—or even worse, an unsuccessful—conference would do more harm than no conference at all. These diplomats believe that no Geneva conference should be convened until there is some prospect of real success—right now there is obviously none—because a failure after Carter has raised so many Arab expectations can only make trouble.

This is where the administration is guilty of astonishingly bad diplomatic timing. Last spring, White House officials were talking—quite reasonably—of a "ratifying" rather than a "negotiating" conference in Geneva. The idea was that American diplomacy—Vance's forays in the Middle East and Carter's negotiations in Washington with visiting Arab and Israeli ministers—would establish enough common ground between the parties so that Geneva merely would crown the mediatory achievements of the US. This may have been too ambitious, even then, but the effort was certainly praiseworthy.

When it became clear, however, that American efforts were making no convincing progress, Carter apparently concluded that a "negotiating" conference should be held in order to solve problems that have been intractable for three decades. To complicate matters, Carter committed himself to the concept of a Palestinian "homeland" or entity and to some kind of participation in the Geneva talks by representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Israel's unequivocal statements that it would not discuss any Palestinian "homeland" at Geneva nor accept openly designated PLO delegates as negotiating partners failed to defuse Carter's enthusiasm for his new ideas. Nor did the fact that Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia have as little use for a Palestinian state as Israel does.

The Palestinian problem is a very real one, but many diplomats in Washington have been asking why Carter has chosen to precipitate a Geneva conference at a time when even the Arabs, to say nothing of Israel, would prefer to avert diplomatic confrontations. By being overzealous, the President has placed both sides in impossible situations. In effect, Carter has frozen the Arabs' and Israel's public positions *before* the conference, clearly not an auspicious beginning. Such relative Arab moderates as Egypt's President Sadat, Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's Prince Fahd cannot openly oppose the PLO participation in Geneva, for reasons of Arab solidarity, no matter what they think privately of the PLO. Most of them take a similarly dim view of a unified Arab delegation with PLO representatives. The American policy serves only to increase the rigidity of the PLO itself rather than to render it flexible as Vance naively thought would be the case when he received assurances to that effect from Saudi Arabia on his last visit there. Contrary to Saudi promises, the PLO has not revised its "compact" in a way that would recognize Israel's right to exist.

As for Israel, it has been cornered by Carter's inflexible stand. An Israeli diplomat says, "we have been forced to respond negatively to everything that comes from Washington." Prime Minister Menachem Begin may not have helped himself in Carter's eyes by adding Israeli settlements on the West Bank, but Carter should remember that Begin's basic negotiating policy has overwhelming domestic support within Israel, even among those Israelis who find his economic policies less attractive.

Begin has now added to his ruling coalition the new Democratic Movement for Change, a group of pragmatists led by Yigael Yadin, a former commander of the Israeli armed forces.

Chances are that the Arab position, too, will harden at the Tunis meeting of Arab foreign ministers on November 12. Since Carter has turned the whole Middle Eastern peace process into a public spectacle, the Arabs will have little choice but to adopt a pro-PLO position. The Soviet Union, which has been backing the PLO right along, is certain to support the cause of Palestinians at Geneva. This should destroy Carter's illusion that he has gained an advantage by bringing the Russians back into the picture.

If a Geneva conference cannot be convened or if it becomes, for a few pre-holiday days, a forum for conflict, new dangers may loom ahead as a result of all the false expectations Carter has raised. All sides may start thinking again of military solutions. Moderate



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rulers like Sadat, who already has more domestic problems than he can solve, could face an overthrow, something that would help neither Israel nor the US.

Finally, Carter's position is beset by vacillations. To reassure Sadat, for example, he sent him a private letter on October 21 urging him to pay no attention to criticisms of US policy in the American press. Five days later, he had Vance reassure the American Jewish community that his policy is not anti-Israel. And just last week when the State Department learned that Liberia had decided to withdraw its co-sponsorship of the Egyptian resolution at the UN condemning Israeli settlement policies in the West Bank, the United States, which itself abstained, successfully pressed the Liberians to continue supporting the resolution. The only explanation could be a desire to keep up the relentless pressure on Israel. On November 2, the President told the World Jewish Congress that the US does not "prefer an independent Palestinian state" on the West Bank, without saying what the US does prefer nor mentioning the "homeland" this time at all. In the end, it remains unclear *what* is Carter's long-range policy and where all his violations of the rules of sane diplomacy are likely to lead him and the United States.

**Tad Szulc**

In professional football, meritocracy really works.

# Becoming a Pro

## by James Cramer

This summer's Philadelphia Eagles training camp was a pretty exclusive affair. The Eagles invited only about 100 people from all of the hundreds of thousands who annually yearn to play pro football. The average male who received an invitation stood six feet, three inches and weighed 230 pounds. Most of the Eagles candidates had played before in the National Football League and on major college football teams. But for every 225-pound monster who received an invitation, a 145-pound weasel was admitted too. Several competitors who did not go to college and others without varsity playing time also found their way into camp. Once there, each player got an equal and objective chance to make the team. The Eagles, a league doormat for ten straight seasons, offer four difficult, but not impossible, ways to find yourself doing toe-touches with 100 other smelly athletes on a miserably hot summer morning at Widener College training grounds.

The first method is least helpful but most realistic: be a professional football player already. The Eagles offered about 40 slots to those who played for them last year. Another half dozen invitations went to those who played for other clubs and were then traded to or released and signed by the Eagles.

The National Football League's annual college draft provides the second route into training camp. The teams take turns choosing players from that year's crop of college graduates. In order to be drafted a player has to get a pro scout to notice him. This can be difficult if you don't play in one of the post-season bowl games or for a name school like Ohio State or UCLA. Before professional football's recent expansion, getting noticed at an obscure football school was almost impossible. Now there is a national syndicate that helps scout players at every school in the country. The scouting organization rates all the players, allowing each team to compare a player at a lesser football school with one at a football power. The Eagles also have two full-time scouts who prowl the nation in search of potential professionals.

The rubric "free agent" covers the rest of this year's invitees. A free agent is a person unaffiliated with a professional team. If he has intrigued the coaching staff, he can sign with the Eagles for a training camp invitation and a small amount of money. Most free

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### The Meritocratic Moment

*The Bakke case has focused the political debate on an institution that permeates American social life: meritocracy. How does the merit system work? How fair is it? What does it really reward? This is the third in a series of articles examining the meritocratic machinery at work in different fields of endeavor.*



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agents in the Eagles camp used one of two means to gain invitations. Many in the free agents category have tried and failed with the second route, the college draft. They were drafted by the Eagles or another team within the last few years and later were cut or quit. Undaunted by earlier failure, they have pleaded with the Eagles for another chance.

For those who never have had a chance to play pro football or be drafted, there is still one more avenue open: the Papale method. This path gets its name from a legend in the Philadelphia area, Vince Papale, who never played college football but decided to try his luck at professional football anyway. Several years ago Papale quit his job to start conditioning to be a professional wide receiver. On paper Papale's decision seemed foolhardy. He knew little about football, no more than those who watch it on television on Sundays. His build and speed are not exceptional by pro standards. But he had great determination. He started a series of rigorous workouts. He spent two sessions with The Philadelphia Bell of the now-defunct World Football League, the second session riding the bench. Two years ago he showed up at an annual spring try-out camp, held each year by the Eagles to give athletes overlooked in the college draft a chance to show their stuff. From there he got an invitation to summer training camp. Camp gave him a chance to show what he does best, work with determination. At each round of cuts, week after week, his name came up in coaches' meetings. Each time someone suggested that Papale did not have as much talent as other wide receivers and perhaps should be let go. But each time another coach spoke up in his behalf. He stayed and eventually made the 43-man roster.

A more typical story would be that of Scott Hilton, a 23-year-old carpenter who did not go to college, but who impressed Eagles scouts at this year's spring try-out. His only previous experience was as tight end for the Somerton Stars in the Delaware Valley Semi-Pro Conference. Hilton excelled in the opening days of training camp. After a few weeks, however, he quit. "I simply wasn't mentally prepared," Hilton says now. "I wasn't used to getting up at seven to eat breakfast, getting on the field by nine for a morning workout, stopping for lunch and a nap and then going back on the field again. At night I had to lift weights, study my playbook and make the 11-o'clock bedcheck. I didn't have enough time to study the playbook. I just couldn't take it all in. I began to look forward to the nights when I could call home for 20 minutes of relief. It got to be too much mentally."

No matter what path the 102 prospective Eagles used to get into training camp this July, each athlete had one thing in common: he was scared. No one, whether veteran, rookie or free agent, has immunity from the late-night note under the door requesting him to return his playbook in the morning. From the day's first deep knee-bend to the last late-afternoon stride, these would-be professionals were thinking about the cuts the Eagles must make to trim the roster to 43 by opening day.

The Eagles take camp seriously. The team's budget for the month-and-a-half-long affair is more than $500,000. Each day the coach puts the candidates through a series of intensive drills. The daily workouts are straightforward: receivers practice catching passes, blockers throw hundreds of blocks, and quarterbacks hurl balls all day. Records are kept of each player's performances. Typically, a kicker is charted for distance on each kick; a quarterback is measured for accuracy, velocity and quick release. These routines supply the coaches with evidence on which to base their cuts for the first three weeks of training camp, during which time about 30 players are dropped—many because of outright physical or mental mistakes, such as botching passes or blocks or repeatedly running left instead of right.

The players cut early gripe the loudest about unfairness. Some, like Wayne Samarzich, a free agent cut after five days of practice, charge that the Eagles cut those who come cheap, like himself, and keep those with big contracts. If a player comes from a school where a coach has contacts or has coached himself, Samarzich says, that helps too. The coaching staff denies such claims of unfairness and points to the elaborate machinery used to make accurate cuts. Assistant Coach Carl Peterson contends that the scrutiny of players at the Eagles camp is fairer and more systematic than in any other competitive profession in the country. No player is cut before 14 judges—one head coach, eight assistant coaches and five personnel representatives—watch him in a full day's worth of practices. The coaches rotate in groups as they watch the players, insuring that each coach gets a good look. Later at night the coaches look at films of the day's workouts taken from cameras perched to capture every action. Nothing on the practice field is missed, Peterson insists. Each judge must then write a report on each player before a decision can be made. Peterson says there is no room for politics because there are too many people in on the decision. "If a guy wants to complain about a cut, we can show him 4000 feet of practice film showing him why he's been eliminated," he says. This year, as a matter of fact, soon after the lowly Samarzich got the axe the Eagles also sent packing their top draft choice, Skip Sharpe. Sharpe took with him a reported $15,000 in bonus money. Coach Dick Vermeil says he cares so much about fairness that he doesn't like to draft people from UCLA, where he coached previously, because he would overwork them simply to insure that he didn't base his decision on favoritism.

Pro football provides incentives for coaches to be ruthlessly objective in making cuts. There is always another pro coach ready to exploit any misjudgments.



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Nothing looks worse for a coach than cutting someone who later makes good with a rival team. Still, mistakes can happen. The Eagles thought they had a talented defender when the team used a top draft choice to pick Skip Sharpe. But Sharpe didn't make it past early cuts in camp. Vermeil blames the foul-up on Sharpe's lack of "desire," something that wouldn't show up in the "book" on a player. (The Washington Redskins picked up Sharpe after the cut, but dismissed him shortly before the season began.)

At the end of training camp in September, 14 veterans were no longer wearing the Eagles' green and white because of trades or cuts. Four rookies and five players who came to the Eagles as free agents had survived, out of about 60 who tried out. Were the 43 players wearing Eagles uniforms at the end of the pre-season the most talented players who passed through Widener's gates on the opening day of training camp? The jaundiced eye could spot eccentricities in Coach Vermeil's method of selection that might be considered departures from pure meritocratic principles. For example, Vermeil was not terribly fastidious about age discrimination. At the beginning of cuts, he called eight-year veteran running back Art Malone the best blocking back in the National Football League. The next day Art Malone was cut. Vermeil said that if an older player and a younger player are equal, the older player would be let go, because the younger player has more promise of becoming great.

Vermeil also has a weakness for flamboyant displays of enthusiasm and "hustle." ("Desire," "performance," "heart" are also among his favorite catchwords.) The player who stays down longest on his toe touches, who doesn't cheat in sprints, who gets excited and hollers in drills, gets the edge in Vermeil's book. Some players who didn't excel in the drills or the pre-season games were kept, perhaps partially because they used to run laps when they weren't called for, an action that fits Vermeil's definition of hustle.

Nevertheless, if a keenness for young blood and an overindulgence in rituals of enthusaism are the only departures from a purely meritocratic selection procedure, and if Coach Vermeil's summer camp is typical of the way things work in the National Football League, then professional football compares rather favorably as a meritocracy to fields of endeavor where much more is made of it and where the process of winnowing goes on for years rather than for six weeks. The rigid and lengthy credentializing process for medicine allows no alternative routes for late starters, no matter how talented or eager. Would a top Washington law firm ever find room for a Vincent Papale who had gone to an obscure night school (or had trained himself)?

The reason the Eagles must keep themselves open to potential talent, no matter how eccentric the route by which it comes to them, is that the team itself is involved in a pretty schematic meritocratic struggle each season. The coaches must choose the best because if they don't the team will loose football games. And if that happens, the coaches will be fired. That's why meritocracy works in the National Football League.

Grey Eminences, IV

# The Ancient Submariner

## by Jonathan Miller

The giants of bureaucratic tenure in Washington, by the time they achieve that status, are immune to all dangers but two: death and politics. J. Edgar Hoover was victim to the first hazard when he expired in 1972, aged 77, after 48 years as the nation's most powerful policeman. Passport administrator Frances Gladys Knight, who came to Washington with the New Deal, retired from the State Department last July at age 72, when it became apparent that the new administration would terminate her 38-year government career for her if she did not.

Many more septuagenarians may hold powerful government jobs from now on, as a consequence of Congress's intention to abolish mandatory retirement

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for government employees. But mandatory retirement rules have never stopped those determined enough to stay on active duty, and powerful enough to lobby effectively for special exemptions from the retirement rules. Consider the case of Admiral Hyman George Rickover, a 1922 graduate of the US Naval Academy, who at the age of 77 has served the government for more than 55 years.

Rickover has defied the fate of lesser civil servants through a combination of political shrewdness and sheer physical endurance. One of the master Congressional testifiers of all time, Rickover appears to know more and think faster than anyone he meets. Although he is often cranky and obnoxious, he may be the most "protected" bureaucrat in the government, having nurtured and expanded his influence as director of naval nuclear propulsion through seven administrations, 14 defense secretaries, 15 navy secretaries and 11 chiefs of naval operations. Rickover, moreover, appears to be in good physical condition; despite two heart attacks he walks four miles a day and shows no signs of succumbing to his mortality anytime soon.

Rickover, currently a four star admiral earning $54,900, actually holds three jobs. He runs a division of the Naval Sea Systems Command which is in charge of all research and development of naval nuclear propulsion. Rickover is also director of the naval reactors division of the Department of Energy (previously part of the Energy Research and Development Administration, and before that the Atomic Energy Commission, which is what it was called when Rickover first plugged in 30 years ago). Rickover's third job is as a general consultant to the highest levels of government on strategic, technical and general questions. Like one of his submarines, he is likely to pop up anywhere.

Rickover exercises his crisp testimonial style frequently on Capitol Hill. His output just this year is prodigious. In March he put in his yearly marathon session with the House defense appropriations subcommittee, during which he excoriated contractors, deprecated administrators and demanded more nuclear ships. Later that month, before the House banking committee, he compared defense contractors to war profiteers during the American revolution. In May Rickover testified on the Senate side at a hearing inquiring into the failings of the accounting profession. He delivered a 13-point program for reform. In June he was back on the subject of war profiteers before the Senate banking committee. In July Rickover was telling the Senate human resources committee to set national high school graduation standards. The same month Rickover told the House post office and civil service committee ten ways to end abuse of double-dipping by retired civil servants. In September Rickover testified on the House side for national education standards.

Because one of Rickover's former students, Jimmy Carter, occupies a position of some importance at the moment, the Admiral is currently enjoying a certain cachet, with frequent invitations to White House social events and informal briefings of the President. Historically, however, Rickover's primary influence has been on Capitol Hill rather than downtown. House and Senate committees traditionally have dominated strategic weapons procurement. Rickover's most stalwart allies on the Hill have been Senator John C. Stennis, the Mississippi Democrat who runs the armed services committee, and Representative George H. Mahon, the Texas Democrat and dean of the House, who is defense appropriations chairman.

Rickover's fondness for big, expensive nuclear-powered ships is unpopular with Pentagon systems analysts, most of whom would prefer two big two-billion-dollar aircraft carriers to one huge Rickover model costing four to six billion. Rickover has scored repeated victories over the systems analysts and their political mentors through his skillful manipulation of congressional opinion. When Robert S. McNamara tried to shut down production of Rickover's beloved high-speed attack submarine, Rickover marched to the Hill and persuaded Senator Stennis, no friend of the systems analysts, to fund the ships anyway. At Rickover's instigation Congress has passed legislation requiring that all future major ships be nuclear.

Many believe Rickover's power on the Hill is unique in both its degree and its durability. "No one in my time has had such influence," says Representative Mahon, who has been around for 43 years. "He is highly talented, very persistent, very understanding. He understands the problems of the congressman, he recognizes our responsibility and our importance in the defense role. Rickover has had the Congress on his side."

Rickover's great accomplishment has been the deployment of America's fleet of 107 nuclear-powered submarines, the most invulnerable component of the triad of land, air and naval strategic weapons systems. The submarines can remain submerged for months, are difficult to detect and carry enough megatonnage to deliver a devastating reply to any nuclear attack. The two latest models, the Los Angeles nuclear attack submarine and the Trident ballistic missile submarine, represent Rickover's great leap forward from the early Polaris, Poseidon and Sturgeon ships. The new subs are officially said to be capable of "30-plus knots" but British naval authorities believe the true figure to be "dramatically higher."

Rickover is also responsible for engineering the first important nuclear power station generating electricity for civilian use. The plant, in Shippingport, Pennsylvania, began feeding electricity to Pittsburgh 20 years ago and is still operational today. All subsequent light-water nuclear power plants were inspired by Rickover's first model. Rickover's engineers are now testing a major reactor core modification at Ship-



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pingport, which may provide a simple and safe alternative to the construction of fast-breeder reactors. The fast breeder has the disadvantage that the fuel it produces is plutonium—in great excess quantities which are difficult to dispose of safely and capable of being used for nuclear weapons. Rickover's design is calculated to produce uranium, which it can use to refuel itself but without the dangerous side effects.

Like many of the more sensitive nuclear scientists, Rickover is sometimes subject to spasms of doubt about what his discipline has wrought. He has warned that Americans find themselves imperiled by an ignorance of science and public unwillingness to set standards for technology. "People are easily pressured into permitting so-called progress to alter their lives, without attempting to control it—as if they had to submit meekly to whatever is technically feasible. There is a need for laws requiring that *before* a particular technology may be used, reliable tests must have been made to prove it will be useful and *safe*. Special knowledge and skill ought to be used to benefit man, rather than for personal aggrandizement or power."

Rickover is given to other philosophical reflections. In contrast to other senior military types Rickover is a flaming democrat, who believes American democracy is heir to the traditions of classical Athens and the Renaissance. Rickover's unabashed intellectualism has been the cause of many of his difficulties.

It is not true that Rickover's picture was printed on a perforated page in the 1922 edition of *Lucky Bag*, the Annapolis yearbook, in order to facilitate the removal of his image and memory. That particular humiliation was reserved for another graduate in that year. It *is* true that Rickover has been less than overwhelmingly popular with many of his naval colleagues over the years. Some officers may have been discouraged by Rickover's ethnic background. Rickover is a Polish Jew who came to America as an infant on a boat. A product of the Chicago public schools, he entered a Navy that frequently has been compared to a "floating plantation." Over the years Rickover has been an enigmatic officer, more interested in poking around with the bits and pieces of ships than in commanding one and sailing off gloriously into battle. When his classmates went to "Pearl" (the Navy elite's double-entendre nickname for this choice assignment), where they would later lose the bulk of the Pacific battle fleet, Rickover stayed in the east, attending graduate classes—first at the Academy, then at Columbia, where he received a master of science degree in 1929. Rickover's strategic perceptions are unclouded by actual battle experience. During the war, Rickover sailed a desk in Washington—a posting lacking prestige, but ideal for Rickover's metamorphosis into the Navy's premier nuclear technocrat.

It was as a captain in charge of procurement of electrical components during the war that Rickover first developed his reputation for eccentric behavior. One story holds that Rickover was disgusted at the poor quality of the equipment sold to the Navy. Determined to improve the durability of sensitive electrical gear, he took to hurling manufacturers' samples from his window in the old War Department building. If they survived intact he approved them for production. (Connoisseurs of Rickover anecdotes, of which there are many, say there are thousands of stories like this. Rickover declines to confirm or deny any of them.)

After the war the Navy sent Rickover, already the best educated man in the Navy on the subject of the atom, to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where the physicists and engineers from the Manhattan project were being assembled in great secrecy. Rickover's proposed nuclear submarine required a propulsion plant of reliability, simplicity, power and compactness. Rickover designed the model himself. His solution is regarded as brilliantly simple: he essentially built a steam engine, replacing the coal burner with a shielded atomic core.

Despite Rickover's pioneering work on the *Nautilus* and *Sea Wolf* nuclear submarines, the Navy Selection Board repeatedly passed him over for promotion. Rickover played only a small part in the ceremonies that attended the launching of the *Nautilus* in 1952. But Rickover's struggle to convert his nuclear submarine dream into functioning ships had brought him into contact with important men outside of the naval establishment, who were quicker to appreciate Rickover's talents. President Truman and influential congressmen intervened with the Navy and Rickover's career, in jeopardy at his moment of triumph, was saved.

During this difficult time, a young ensign named James Earl Carter, Jr. appeared in Rickover's office to be interviewed for the atomic submarine program. The meeting has become famous, for it was at this interview that Rickover popped Carter the famous question: Why not the best? Rickover is supposed to have made Carter feel ashamed for having graduated only 59th in a class of 820 (although Rickover himself graduated 116th in a class of 529). Carter worked for Rickover for four years, then returned to Plains in 1953 to join the peanut industry. The liaison between the two men illuminates the personalities of both.

Carter, like many others who have worked for Rickover, holds the man in positive awe. He devoted an entire chapter of his Presidential campaign book, with Rickover's question as the title, to a reverent tribute in which he wrote that Rickover had a "profound effect on my life—perhaps more than anyone except my own parents." The frontispiece to the book is devoted to a description of Carter's first meeting with Rickover, in which Carter was "saturated with cold sweat." Carter mentioned Rickover frequently through his presidential campaign and stressed heavily his employment under Rickover 25 years earlier.



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Carter has seen Rickover frequently since moving to town. The Carters spent Memorial Day on one of Rickover's teardrop-hulled attack submarines, and the Rickovers went to lunch at the White House. Rickover, however, has hardly emerged as one of Carter's principle advisors—maybe a pity because Rickover could perhaps teach Carter a bit about the workings of Congress. Carter may fear Rickover or may fear merely the advice Rickover might offer. And perhaps Rickover also has other priorities; by this time he has learned the ephemeral nature of administrations.

Rickover's talent for survival sometimes obscures just how hated a man he really is. Rickover is undoubtedly insulting. He has a special contempt for the bureaucratic aide mentality. When Elmo Zumwalt, then a young officer climbing the ranks, arrived at Rickover's office for a job interview, Rickover told him: "You are one of those wise goddamn aides. You are so accustomed to seeing people come in and grovel at your boss's feet and kiss his tail that you think I'm going to do it to you." The interview concluded when Rickover told Zumwalt he was being "greasy." Last year in his book *On Watch*, the former chief of naval operations wrote, "a malady that afflicts—and continues to afflict—the whole navy, though the surface navy was and is the greatest sufferer, can be described in one word: Rickover."

Lately Rickover has come under a different sort of criticism. A new generation of nuclear engineers is questioning Rickover's commitment to water reactors, claiming that liquid metal or gas reactors offer substantial economies of size. Particularly harsh criticism of Rickover has come from the Office of Naval Research, which has charged Rickover with technological censorship. An article in *Science* magazine last year suggested that the father of the last technological revolution may be trying to preclude the next. A General Accounting Office study of the allegations in *Science* has been completed but has not been released to the public, pending comment by Rickover.

Rickover also is under attack from strategists who feel that his devotion to nuclear surface ships makes little sense because of their high cost (about five billion dollars for a carrier, more than one billion for a cruiser) and relative vulnerability to the exact weapon system that Rickover pioneered: the high-speed nuclear attack submarine.

Rickover also has thoroughly alienated defense contractors. With one exception, they refuse to undertake any more contracts to be supervised by Rickover and his staff. The exception is the Electric Boat division of General Dynamics Corp., which may regret its tolerance. It is currently laying off thousands of workers in apparent protest over Rickover's refusal to pay $500 million the shipyard claims it is owed because of Rickover's modifications to ships under construction.

Rickover answers his critics, on the infrequent occasions when he answers them at all, with scathing deprecation. Never really part of the naval establishment, Rickover appears to care little what anyone in the Pentagon thinks of him. He is content to run his small office—fewer than 550 staff—and play the role of chief consultant to the appropriate congressional committees. Periodically articles appear that speculate on just how long Rickover can continue to survive. In *Fortune* last year Juan Cameron speculated that Rickover may now be outgunned, but that was before Rickover's disciple became President. Close allies like Mahon are retiring and dying, but Admiral Rickover sails on, sticking close to his desk and never going to sea.

The Seven Deadly Sins, VIII

# Pride or Superbia

## by Henry Fairlie

Pride is the first of the sins. It was the root of what St. Augustine called the "bad will" of Adam and Eve. "Pride is the beginning of all sin," it is said in Ecclesiastes; and what is pride but an "inordinate self-exaltation"? In our Pride we try to put ourselves into the place of God. We try to be as God, as the angels did before us, though it was by their Pride that they fell. When Dante encounters the proud in Purgatory, they are each carrying a crushing weight of huge stones, bending their "arrogant necks," as he calls them, to the ground.



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"Needs I stoop," says one of them; and what does Dante reply as he gazes on them? "Christians and proud!" he exclaims. "O poor and wretched ones!" Seen as they are, their Pride avails them nothing.

Dorothy Sayers said that "the devilish strategy of Pride is that it attacks us, not in our weakest points, but in our strongest. It is preeminently the sin of the noble mind." Not only of the noble, but also of the righteous. We speak glibly of a "proper pride," finding and justifying it in persons of rare achievement, of unusual strength of mind or character, and even in those whom we regard as the most virtuous. They are entitled to be proud, we say, and of course we then say it of ourselves. But if we are talking of the sin, there is no proper pride, and these are the last, the noble and the virtuous and the able, in whom it should be lodged. Because their beings are so strongly formed, the warping in them is all the more devastating. "Abortive then and shapeless ye remain," says Dante of them again, for in their Pride they have not let their natural faculties grow rightly. When we encounter it in the noble mind or soul, Pride is like a taint or flaw. It suffuses the whole character of the person, marring the very integrity which otherwise should be his mark.

Pride is camel-nosed, as Angus Wilson has said. It is also high-blown, puffed up, stuck-up, stiff necked. All of these are epithets of aloofness. The proud man sets himself up; so he sets himself apart. A tower is one of the commonest of metaphors for Pride, and we think of a tower as lofty and inaccessible. We also speak of an ivory tower as a place of self-willed retreat from the world. When Aldous Huxley says of one of his characters that she "entered the ivory tower of her deafness and closed the door," the fierceness of the condemnation that one feels in his words is that she in fact took Pride in her deafness; and when Saint-Beuve first used the phrase and said of Alfred de Vigny that he "retired at noon" to his ivory tower, one feels again the condemnation of the withdrawal. When it is proud, "the soul becomes inordinately pleased with itself," and being so pleased, it then makes a solitary world, sufficient to itself and for itself. It is walled in by its own self-pleasing.

If all the sins are causes of solitariness, Pride is the first begetter of it, and it is also a cause of one's own death in life. "To be in oneself in the sense of to please oneself," says St. Augustine, "is not to be wholly nothing but to be approaching nothingness." When God asked Adam after he had sinned, "Where art thou?", it was not because God did not know, because he knows everything, but because he was scolding Adam, reminding him that "there really was nowhere that he could go, once God was not in him," and he was no longer in God. He was at last only in himself, there vainly to look for satisfaction. The words of the serpent, "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," held a promise that might have been fulfilled. But it could not truly be fulfilled once Adam and Eve were satisfied to follow their own lights.

More than any other of the sins we associate Pride with rebellion, which is why it is the sin most difficult to discuss without referring to the rebellion of "our first parents." They were already wicked in themselves, as we have seen earlier, before they succumbed to the temptation, and by wicked in themselves, we mean too exalted in themselves, until they were ready to invite their own destruction, and the destruction of their world. *Ante ruinam exaltatur*: "before destruction, the heart of man is exalted." St. Augustine's words are stronger than the common phrase, "Pride goeth before a fall," and they emphasize the terribleness of its meaning. It is not merely that, having lifted ourselves up too high, it is inevitable that we must fall, but that we have exalted ourselves to accomplish the destruction, including our own downfall, and even feel exalted at the prospect. The feeling has often enough been described, and we all know it ourselves: the exaltation as we ponder an act of destructiveness. We become rash and self-willed, words commonly associated with Pride. We *can* do anything, so we *will* do anything. There is a fearful Pride in the violence of the radical terrorist. But if it is in him, it is also in us, even if we then check it.

It is necessary to emphasize the terribleness of Pride, because we are all inclined to think that there is, indeed, a "proper pride" that we may take in ourselves and our works. Whenever its name is raised in conversation, the first inclination is to ask, with some cunning, whether it is not right that we should not sometimes be proud of ourselves. The simple answer is: it is never right. Pride must not be confused with an appropriate self-esteem, and the trouble with even such self-esteem, as we applaud our own virtues, is that it too easily translates itself into Pride. There is already a certain self-satisfaction in the question as we put it: Is it not right for us sometimes to be proud of ourselves?—as if we can admit to one weakness and another, to this wrong-doing and that, and yet hold that on the whole there is nothing for which we need apologize too gravely. We can still be proud. We seem to think that we can compartmentalize our lives and therefore our sins, not facing the fact that no good that we do removes the fact that we still sin; that as our sinning infuses our whole lives, so it informs even the good that we do, making our aim and our efforts less than perfect. The opposites to Pride are meekness and humility, yet when these are now mentioned, it is usually remarked that today they are not held in very high regard. When one ponders this embarrassment at the thought of meekness, one realizes how loose a rein we have given to Pride, both in ourselves and in our societies.

But is Pride so terrible a sin, so obviously the begetter of all the others? Let us list some of its "branches," the evils to which, among others, it leads inevitably and immediately: disobedience, boasting, hypocrisy, scorn,



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arrogance, impudence, swelling of the heart, insolence, elation, impatience, strife, contumacy, presumption, irreverence, obstinacy, and vainglory. We have met these in various forms in the other sins. But it is only when we contemplate the working of Pride in us that we at last see how deeply they are interwoven. Here is the keystone of the arch, and once we recognize it, we find it in almost everything we do. To know the Pride in us is a first step toward subjecting our sinfulness, and it is one of the first objects of the instruction of the young to take the Pride out of them.

Pride is in our Envy, making us believe that we deserve better than we have and even are, and so stirring us to pull down whatever we perceive to be superior. Pride is in our Anger, in which we take up a position of superiority, from which our scorn and obstinacy and even elation will not let us be budged. Pride is in our Avarice, inciting us to display ourselves in "an extra-vagant array of clothing," as the Parson puts it in Chaucer's tale, and in "keeping up great households," when we could do with much less for our real needs. Pride is in our Gluttony, in the display again of an "excess of divers meats and drinks; and especially in certain baked meats and made-dishes," as the Parson again says with his usual spirit, "burning with spirituous liquors and decorated and castellated with paper, and in similar waste." Pride is in our Lust, in our scant regard for the flesh and feelings of others, our belief that we may dehumanize them and ourselves, and still be regarded as human. Pride is in our Sloth, in our self-assurance that we may get by with a minimum of effort, that we may by sluggishness find achievement and reward. It is the sustainer of our sinning, the reinforcer of all its motives.

*Drawing by Vint Lawrence*

The prevalence of Pride points to another of its characteristics. It is the most persistent of our sins. The urge to the others may wax and wane, but Pride is a fixture in our hearts. It comes early, it has been said, and it stays late. It is there in us when we are young. Michael Oakeshott has talked of the "sweet solipsism" of youth, and this self-centeredness of the young is engaging in a way. It is so naive, we say, it is so innocent. It is even so tender. And in some ways, it is all of these. The young have not yet encountered the boundaries of real life, they do not yet know that for everything a price has to be paid, that what we use to pay for one thing, in our hearts and souls, cannot be used to pay for another. The young are hardly to be criticized for this condition—youth would not be youth without this sweet solipsism—but an adult society can be criticized for adulating them and even imitating their condition. There is a dangerous Pride in the young that needs to be met, understandingly but none the less fiercely, by the perceptions that come only with the experiences of adulthood.

No one can read *Helter Skelter*, the best account that we have so far of Charles Manson and his "family," without looking severely at himself and our society. Most interesting and perhaps most haunting are the rationalizations that Manson used, and which his followers then parroted as they carried out his orders. They constantly used the phrase "the Establishment" as a



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self-justification; the members of "the Establishment" must die; one of them in fact used the phrase to her victim as she committed the final atrocity on her. The idea of "the Establishment"—together with many other muddled ideas—was necessary to sustain their exaltation. They were the avengers of society against its enemies. They would decide who would or would not exist, and it needs to be said, although it will be resisted by many, that there is a very thin line to be drawn, if a line at all, between them and the radical terrorists who are again forcing themselves on our attention, the children of an affluent middle-class that is demoralized.

Charles Manson and his followers did not murder from Anger: many others at the time, such as some sections of the SDS, were entitled to be given such credit as Anger may be allowed. They did not murder from Envy: they were strangely impersonal about their victims, and their eyes were not fixed on them in resentment. They did not murder from Avarice: theft was not their motive, they took nothing, and equally they did not murder from Gluttony. They did not murder from Lust: they did not interfere sexually with their victims, and their own sexual life in the "family" may have been tawdry, but it was hardly an overwhelming concern to them. They did not murder from Sloth: one feels a dejection of the spirit in them, but it was not this which they were fleeing. They murdered from the self-exaltation of Pride, and from the incitements to it in our time. They had been taught to be pleased in themselves, with whatever they felt they were, felt they felt, and so felt they must do. They had been released to act as gods, wholly freed from any human limitations.

This is true of the radical terrorists who now take to themselves such a license to be society's avengers; and it must to some extent be true of any societies that are founded on what today we submissively call the youth culture. There are pathetic waifs all around us in our societies now who have been zealously instructed in Pride from their cradle; far from it being our object to subdue it in them, we have mindlessly and with cowardice excited it in them. We have confirmed them in the fatuous belief that there is already a fully developed self inside each of them, that they are equipped to have their own full knowledge of that self, and that armed with that self-knowledge they may then do as they wish. To say of children and the young that "they are persons, too" is obviously true to some extent, but it is a truth that is banal and uninteresting; and used as it is today, it is a recipe for inciting Pride in the child, and so in the adult that grows from it.

It becomes too pleased with itself. It has been taught both to exalt its personality, and yet to search that personality only shallowly. "He that is proud eats himself up; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle." We have only to look at ourselves, to see the Pride with which we have become such tedious chroniclers of our own meager selves. We exalt what is little more than a self-intriguing but idle curiosity about ourselves into the pretense that we are seriously engaged in trying to know ourselves. Any glimmering of what we feel—what we *say* we feel, and *think* we feel—we count as a genuine form of self-knowledge, which ultimately is accessible only to each of us as individuals. It is thus set beyond any challenge by others, and may be used to claim the right to do what we want, in response to any whim or fancy of the moment. People commonly say today that they "need" to express themselves in some choice of the moment, gesture or word or action; and this "need", as they have themselves determined it by their own whim, is the only justification that is required. This is the morality of a child.

Spinoza says that "pride is thinking too highly of one's self from self-love." It is a pleasure, "arising from a man's contemplation of himself and his own power of action . . . thinking that he can accomplish all things that fall within the scope of his conception, and thereupon accounting them real, and exulting in them, so long as he is able to conceive anything which excludes their existence and determines his own power of action." He calls it "a species of madness," and if we look around our societies today, we will find that madness abroad as perhaps never before. At times we seem almost bent on destruction, and to be exalted by our ability to accomplish it. We have given a license to every temptation to nihilism, which may seem to be the opposite of Pride, but is in fact an extreme form of it and a pleasurable one. No one is more pleased with himself than the nihilist, in his power to accomplish what falls "within the scope of his conception," even to make existence seem senseless. Nihilism feeds, as it feeds on, our Pride. We may decide what is and is not good, what is and is not absurd, what does and does not exist, what has and has not the right to live. It tells us that we are gods in this small moment of time that we live, in which the whole human endeavor is entrusted to us to move it forward a little.

We are not justified in writing off our madness as a mere sickness, as our psychology is apt to do, or as a mere failure to make the proper arrangements for our societies, as our sociology tries to persuade us. The fault in regarding our madness as no more than an illness, something that conveniently absolves us from criticism, is that it is too easy for us to show that we are not as sick as we thought, or that we have magically been healed, whereas it is much more difficult to show that we are not sinful, or that our sin has been exorcised. We may measure evil by its consequences, as we said at the beginning, but sin cannot be measured by its consequences, at least not by those that are most apparent. Without an awareness of our sinning, an awareness to which we will not come as long as we are self-pleased in our own Pride, we will not learn what we have to learn from Manson's story, and will dismiss it as



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just another case of psychopathology. This is not to excuse him, or to say that we are like him, or that we would in any circumstances act as he did. But it is to say that beyond his sickness, which we do not share, there lies a sinfulness to which we need to attend, which we do share. Sin acted in Manson on a sick mind. That does not exempt us from the sin, merely because our minds are healthier. Manson and those who did his bidding did not spring from a vacuum; they sprang from a time and place that are ours as well as theirs.

The more one searches for the root of this madness, the more difficult it is to deny that our pleasure in ourselves has not only isolated us from each other, has separated a few minute aspects of ourselves, to exalt them above our full richness and potentiality as human beings. Pride may incite us to take too much pleasure in ourselves, but it does not encourage us to take pleasure in our humanity, in what is commonly shared by us as social beings. The turning in to ourselves which our age has encouraged, to exalt what we imagine we discover there, has turned us away from our societies. Pride causes us, in the addiction of our self-pleasure, to ignore others. It is a sin of neglect. Pride incites us, in its need for self-exaltation, to hurt others. It is a sin of aggression. Pride forces us, in its anxiety to feel superior, to patronize others. It is a sin of condescension. All of these are turned against our neighbors, often in our Pride not realizing how aloof from them we have become; looking down our camel-noses, we are unable to see how far we have drawn apart from what is closest to us, for which our responsibility is immediate.

As William F. May says, this withdrawal may take many forms: the intellectual who "retreats from the mediocrities of mass culture into the inner community of taste"; the liberal who "retreats from the moral failures of those who are wielders of power into the inner community of criticisms and virtue"; the reactionary who "retreats into impossible dreams about a bygone past to escape physical contact with and responsibility for the present"; the academic who "retreats from the simplicities of the common life into the complexities of his expertise." But the most widespread form that it takes is simply the retreat of people into their private lives. As long as their society provides them with a reasonable degree of personal security and affluence, and the necessary means and opportunities to entertain themselves, it may be left to function and be managed as may be, no matter that it is still an unfit place for others to live in. We at least have "made it."

There is an unshakable sense of unreality in our turning into ourselves and our private lives, for all our satisfactions. Our gratification in them has an implausible quality of daydreaming, and in the madness of his Pride, said Spinoza, "a man dreams with his eyes open." We know who incites this daydreaming in us beyond even our own ready capacity for it. If our commercial societies know how strongly they may appeal to our Avarice, they know no less how they may appeal to our Pride. They would much rather that we be pleased with ourselves in our private lives, where we may indeed imagine that we are as gods, than that we be discontented with our societies and our relationships with them, so they divert us from any real concern. In short, our societies appeal to the very sin in us that must destroy them, our self-love. It has been exalted as the motive by which our societies must be driven, whereas it is the motive that must ultimately undermine all social bonds. The temptations that they lay before us have one purpose: to make us feel gratified with no more than some private pleasure.

There is no way in which the conservative of deeply moral impulse can pretend that these small-spirited societies of ours are the societies that he is bidden to defend. There is no way in which the liberal can pretend that he can any longer remain in alliance with a commercial system that diverts every motive other than those of self-love and self-approval. There is no way even that the socialist can hope to change those societies unless he appeals to a moral order beyond that which we and our societies have so single-mindedly entertained for so long. Pride is a sin of selfishness—self-centeredness, self-satisfaction, self-exaltation—and on selfishness our societies are founded. They have stirred up the motive of self-love too persistently and for too long, and they cannot be surprised if it then takes exotic and terrible forms.

Our culture is not unaffected by the economic system. Seeing the individual erected in the solitude of his Pride in his own ivory tower—the private life that he enjoys as a member of the middle class—our culture in turn has assured him that there in himself as an individual he may find such happiness as may with luck be attainable. Whether in *Love Story* or in *Fear of Flying*, to pick out only two of the more obvious examples, the wider society in which we live is simply absent. Personal relationships are cultivated at the expense of all social relationships, but even these in the end bring only tedium and solitude, and the individual is then encouraged to retreat still further, from the tiny space that he has been cultivating around him, into a realm of inner space where he will find and need to cultivate only himself. "Where art thou?" asks the Lord, and we are nowhere, except in an inner emptiness of ourselves. If the proud man is approaching nothingness, St. Augustine could not have foreseen that, in our societies, we would so rush to embrace it.

*This concludes Henry Fairlie's series on the seven deadly sins in modern life. An expanded version of these essays, along with Vint Lawrence's drawings, will be published this spring by New Republic Books.*



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# Arts and Lives

## Stanley Kauffmann on theater

### Old Folks, Old Tricks

*The Gin Game* (John Golden). In 1895 Henry Irving did a short play by Conan Doyle called *A Story of Waterloo* in which he played an ancient veteran of the battle and was hailed for his masterly portrayal of age. Bernard Shaw, reviewing the performance, dissected it in terms of its familiar set-ups and derivations, then concluded:

> *Every old actor into whose hands this article falls will understand perfectly from my description how the whole thing is done and will wish that he could get such Press notices for a little hobbling and piping, and a few bits of mechanical business with a pipe, a carbine, and two chairs. The whole performance does not involve one gesture, one line, one thought outside the commonest routine of automatic stage illusion.*

This is not entirely true of Hume Cronyn's performance in *The Gin Game*: there are flashes of authenticity, moments when he doesn't come up with quite the anticipated gesture or inflection. But I ascribe—unjustly?—those moments to Mike Nichols, the director. Nichols's ambition continues to shrink but his skill is undiminished, and I assume, on past experience, that it was he who occasionally brought Cronyn past his usual obvious mechanics to some touches of truth.

In the main, however, the crusty old man whom Cronyn plays is "created" for us: a) before the play begins by the photographs and reviews and by yum-yum anticipations of a two-character "character" play; b) after a few minutes, by the old-folks-home setting, the unkempt white hair, the creakiness of the joints, the arthritic turns of the head. How can he miss being hailed for his artistry? But then how could any competent actor miss? Ten minutes into the play Cronyn is on a secure, time-tested toboggan slide, coasting home.

His co-star Jessica Tandy (Mrs. Cronyn) is a somewhat different case. She has always been better, is better trained, less self-conscious and quasi-apologetic, and she does have some natural warmth (unlike her husband). Also she is benefiting from the passage of time. Some actors grow, through the years, into the much-needed aging of their faces and the right use of them. With Tandy, it's happening with the voice. Her voice has always had a breaking, unbased, fluttery quality, which was distracting even in her best work when she was younger. It's more appropriate to the characters she can do now.

The play, in a few facts, is about two lone people who meet in a home. He, who was there first, plays a lot of solitaire and—heartwarming chuckle, folks—cheats. When she comes along, he enlists her as a partner for gin rummy, a game she doesn't know. He teaches her. They play. She wins. They play many times through the two acts. She always wins. At the beginning this makes him amusingly irate, at the end it fills him with blind fury. The gin games are presumably meant as double symbols: first, as a geriatric substitute for courtship-and-sex, in which she is unwelcomely, even unwillingly, dominant; second, as an x-ray exposure of their characters, revealing darknesses in both, beneath the cozy old-folks exteriors.

The only really interesting aspect of this play is that there's another play lurking within it. The author, D. L. Coburn, whose first play this is, may be delighted with this production for all I know, but it occurred to me while watching it that the very same text could be legitimately used to less conventional ends. *The Gin Game* is now being done in (let's call it) the Paddy Chayefsky-Neil Simon vein: "We are ruthless modern truthtellers who scrape a whole fat millimeter below the Norman Rockwell surface, and we prove our *bona fides* by not giving you the hand-in-hand sunset-trail ending you expected." But this script could, I think, be played so that the ending is not a surprise, but inevitable, so that the intent is not to put a stinger at the end of a bittersweet piece of candy but to strip away some of the sentimental prerogatives of old age. If these two old people exploited their age, as stupid or vicious or spoiled elderly people often do, knowing even with each other—that they were claiming wisdom and respect the way one claims a pension, just because one has reached the right age; if it were the intent to show that age, not patriotism, is the last refuge of scoundrels, this might have been a moderately scathing play.

But it wouldn't have been a hit. So we get a "realistic" play instead of a real one.

*Tartuffe* (Circle in the Square). Some day, somewhere, I still hope, I'm going to see this play performed as written. Which is not exactly the same as my comment on *The Gin Game* but it's related. *Tartuffe* is by no means my favorite Molière, but it's better than—and *different* from—any production I've seen.

I'm not talking about failures of "style," that terminological rabbit-punch by the critic who doesn't like a revival of an old play and doesn't really know why. Stephen Porter's direction here seems more fitted to *Charley's Aunt* than to Molière, as do the performances of some of the cast, notably Tammy Grimes; still the worst trouble is not the matter of "proper" style. I've seen the Comédie-Française, the House of Molière, in several of his plays, and even they don't use a consistent style. (Old story: When someone complained to

### Films Worth Seeing

*Allegro Non Troppo*. Shut your eyes and ears for the live-action sequences, open them for six of Bruno Bozzetto's ingenious animation sequences set to symphonic pieces.

*Julia*. Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards, and Jane Fonda, in that order of excellence, do much to knock the stuffing out of this upholstered version of Lillian Hellman's memoir.

*Let Joy Reign Supreme*. Witty, sexy, intelligent, and mordant. Bertrand Tavernier, who made *The Clockmaker* about modern France, goes deftly back to the French court of 1720 with some of the same superb actors.

*One Sings, The Other Doesn't*. Agnes Varda deals with the friendship of two young Frenchwomen today. The best film so far about New Women, warm, unpolemical, effective.

**SK**



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Louis Jouvet that one of his Molière productions was not in the Molière style, Jouvet said: "How do you know? Do you have his telephone number?")

I'm talking about the text. Anyone who reads this play with eyes unfogged by past productions must see that the title no more specifies the protagonist than does the title of *Cymbeline* or *Julius Caesar*. A protagonist—and this is an empirical theatrical definition, not an academic one—is the chief bearer of the agon, the one to whom most happens, the one who is most changed by the action of the play. And in this play that person is not (repeat: NOT) Tartuffe. He remains absolutely unchanged from beginning to end. The character who changes is Orgon, the husband who brings Tartuffe into his house and is so far deceived by him that he almost ruins self and family. Orgon is finally undeceived by that family who, undeceived from the beginning, have not changed. The drama, the experience, of the play is Orgon's.

One other character changes, from utter belief in Tartuffe to shocked disbelief: Madame Pernelle, Orgon's mother, who appears only at the beginning and the end. This seems to confirm supportively that Orgon is the center by helping to delineate his character: a middle-aged man dominated by a religious nut of a mother, a man who is remarried to a younger woman, who presumably has the panic of middle age in relation to a younger wife, who needs a reason to reject worldliness (read sex), and who is encouraged by mom to believe in the religiosity of a swindler who easily cons the two gulls who are begging for it. When Orgon's wife proves Tartuffe's lechery, she is really proving her love for her husband and is erasing his doubts about his maleness. It's not a play about religious hypocrisy: Tartuffe could be, has been, another kind of swindler. Tartuffe saw what would work best in this case, and Orgon is the case. And it's all *right there* in the text.

Porter, never an inspired director, heads straight for the old wrong-headed interpretation, puts a dull and inadequate actor in Orgon, and gets an excellent actor, John Wood, for Tartuffe. Porter then proceeds to encourage or permit Wood to construct a rococo superstructure on this falsely elevated part. Wood was brought over from England to be a virtuoso, and does he ever deliver! If there is such a thing as virtuosity distinct from real acting, this is it. What a bouquet of florid inflections and exaggerated serpentine movements.

The production uses Richard Wilbur's verse translation, the best I know, but the rhymed couplets that imitate Molière are finally uncongenial to English. The chief pleasure in the production comes from Zack Brown's setting which does a good deal to mitigate the wretchedness of that Circle in the Square playing space.

# John Canaday on art

## Degas: the Artist's Mind by Theodore Reff

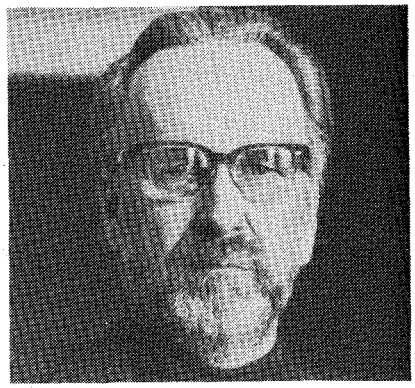
(Metropolitan Museum of Art and Harper & Row; $25)

## The Notebooks of Edgar Degas by Theodore Reff

(Oxford University Press; $97.50)

From the looks of the Museum of Modern Art's magnificent new exhibition of his late paintings (traveling later to Paris via Houston), the 1977-78 art season is going to belong to Cézanne. But let's catch up with 1976-77 first. That season belonged to Degas. It couldn't have happened to a nicer fellow, and not enough has been made of it.

I am tired of hearing this good man called "The Terrible Degas," his chapter heading in a recent book on the impressionists that I couldn't bring myself to read and don't want to identify here. Instead, we will get around to a few words on two new Degas books that I found excellent and will certainly read more than once.

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No, make that one excellent new Degas book, Theodore Reff's *Degas: the Artist's Mind*, a collection of essays published in connection with the Metropolitan Museum's big Degas show, which Professor Reff (of Columbia University) organized, and one superb book, *The Notebooks of Edgar Degas*, a catalogue of the 38 notebooks in the Bibliothèque Nationale and other collections, by the same author. It was a big season for Professor Reff too.

*The Duchess of Montejasi-Cicerale* by Degas (1868). Courtesy, The Cleveland Museum of Art.

Like any respectable Degas scholar, Professor Reff ignores the conventional distorted picture of Degas as an anti-Semite (Cézanne was a worse one), a bitchy wit, and a woman-hater. Let me take these up in ascending order of importance and descending order of basis in truth.

Anti-Semitism is so offensive today, 71 years after Dreyfus's final exoneration in 1906, when Degas was an old man, that it takes an effort to remember that among artists and intellectuals in Degas's France, anti-Semitism was less a matter of ethnic or religious bigotry than a political stance induced by a climate generated by the government and a cooperative press. We may regret that Degas was gulled, along with at least half his contemporaries in art and literature; it would have been fine if he had stood up as a dissident, alongside Zola. He probably would have if he had been deeply concerned with the subject. He wasn't. It was a peripheral factor in his way of living and thinking, and no factor at all in his art, totally extraneous to the genius that made him one of the three greatest artists in the greatest art-century since the 15th—by my count, Ingres, Degas, and Cézanne.

Bitchy wit? Well, that is frequently a compensatory device for people of high intelligence who secretly feel excluded from the circles they aspire to and rejected by the individuals they intend to wound. (George Moore was a great one for this.) Degas, a social lion and outwardly a gregarious patrician, was basically a withdrawn personality, but his *mots* even when they seem most cruel are never attacks on a victim's personal frailties. When he said of Gustave Moreau that "He would like us to believe that the gods wore watch-chains," he was making a considered critical judgment, as perceptive as it was pithy, of Moreau's trumped-up classical subjects in his late style, heavily bejeweled, excessively detailed, and unimaginative.

The idea that an artist's personality can be reconstructed from the evidence of his art has fooled a lot of art historians beginning with the father of us all in the 16th century, Giorgio Vasari, whose biographies of artists have been a gold mine for research by scholars who continue to straighten out Vasari's jumble of documented facts, dubious anecdotes passed down over generations, and presumptions drawn from the evidence of works of art as witnesses to the personalities of their creators. Recognizing the hazards involved, I am willing, even so, to rest on the conviction that in the case of truly great artists of the later 19th century, when painting became an extremely personal art—an art of self-expression rather than a super-craft subject to programs dictated by patrons—we may often trust the testimony of paintings as revelations of an artist's truest self. I am trusting it in the case of Degas. Not enough attention has been paid to the tenderness and the sympathetic understanding for human beings of all classes to which Degas's art is a constant witness.

Degas was not a misogynist. He was fascinated by women, a man whose understanding of their existence as something other than sexual objects should endear him to feminists today. The man who made the Metropolitan's bourgeois "Woman with Chrysanthemums" a kind of 19th-century Mona Lisa, who could paint shop girls with a warmth and sympathy 10,000 light years removed from Renoir's easy sentimentality, who in his early masterpiece, "The Bellelli Family," told of the strength, the patience, the endurance of a strong woman, an aristocrat in this case, faced by an anguishing marital situation dictated by the lop-sided morality of the times—these instances in a list that could go on and on—this man was not a woman-hater. Degas's curious self-removal from women was the reverse of hatred; it was a symptom



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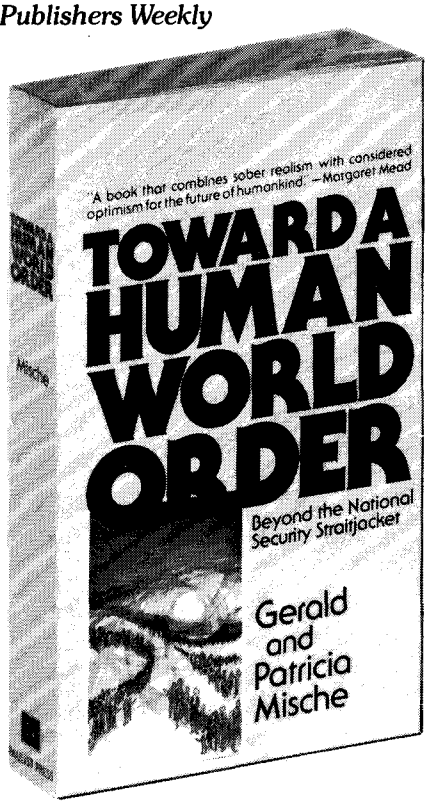
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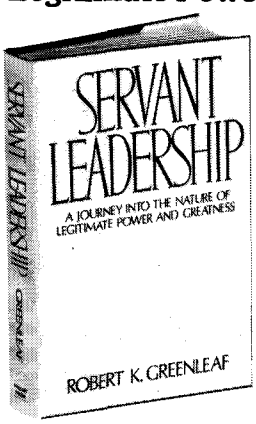


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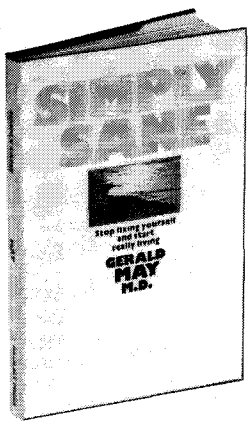


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of timidity induced by a combination of a sense of inadequacy and an extreme respect, a reverence for women as inviolate beings.

In a gossipy century, Degas was a doubly conspicuous figure as a socialite and a leader in the scandalous art movement of the day. In letters and other reports by his contemporaries we can follow him from cafe to cafe, from dinner party to dinner party, from Paris to Italy to New Orleans, often virtually from day to day, with no lengthy mysterious blanks anywhere. Yet biographers are at a loss to discover a liaison or even a casual adventure, conventional or perverse. Efforts to whip up an affair between the fastidious Degas and that stiff-spined American gentlewoman, Mary Cassatt, are the stuff of pure burlesque. If you want to get into the repressed homosexual bit so dear to amateur Freudians, the only evidence is that nude males disappear from Degas's pictures as if avoided, after some early academic drawings of handsome models and a classical exercise or two. But you can say just about the same thing of Renoir, the assiduous woman-lover.

Degas's unidealized, objectively rendered "keyhole" pictures of women in the tub, toweling themselves, and so on, in contrast with the idealized or prettified female nudes by contemporaries such as Bouguereau or, again, Renoir, have done a great deal to account for the woman-hater label. What seems at first to be more powerful evidence are the monotypes of brothel interiors where the women are little more than misshapen animals. My feeling is that Degas's whores are shown as lumps of repugnant flesh not because he hated women but because their degradation horrified him.

In one essay, dealing with the intersection of art and literature, Professor Reff identifies literary sources for the brothel scenes—Edmond de Goncourt and Huysmans. It is significant that he subtitles the collection of essays "the Artist's Mind." (The above speculations are largely mine, with an occasional crib from Reff's scholarship.) The essays explore different aspects of Degas's creative methods, the analytical processes that went into the making of his paintings. Then, in the catalogue of Degas's notebooks, hundreds of drawings made solely for Degas's own reference, we have a visual diary of ideas born, problems posed, solutions explored, and random pictorial thoughts jotted down. *Degas: the Artist's Mind* is a book that extends beyond Degas as its subject to suggest for the general reader the unfamiliar field of an artist's intellectualized creative force rather than the more popular one of art as an emotional outlet. But of the two books, it was *The Notebooks of Edgar Degas* that I welcomed most.

You have to be a Degas fan to get prickles up your spine before you even open the two volumes of the notebooks, as I did. But once you get into them—say, a couple of pages of the notebooks themselves, or a paragraph of Professor Reff's introduction—anyone with any interest in Degas or in art in general must be fascinated. The notebooks were kept between 1853 and 1886, hundreds of notations that, as E. H. Gombrich said of the drawings in Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks, make visual "the process which is constantly going on in the artist's mind."

It was a wonderful mind, Degas's, and, I insist, a beautiful spirit. Just now, *The Notebooks of Edgar Degas* is my favorite book, and I see no prospect of exhausting its riches, ever.


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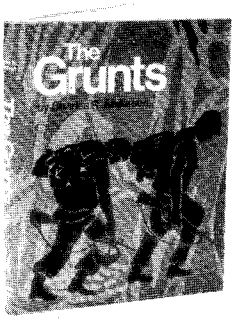


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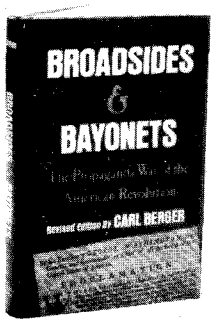


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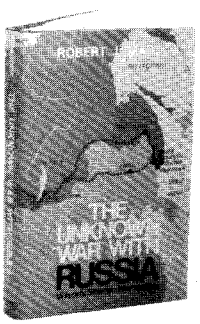


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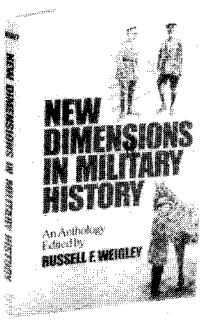


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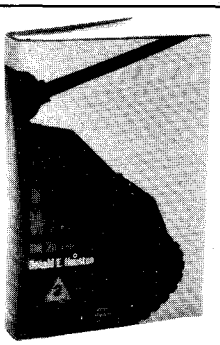

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# James Lardner on television

While American television continues to generate mini-series from the works of such leading novelists as John Ehrlichman and Robert (*The Scarlatti Inheritance, The Osterman Weekend, The Matlock Paper, The Rhinemann Exchange* and *The Gemini Contenders*) Ludlum, the British seem to have arrived at a more exacting set of standards for deciding on what and whom to base their major TV dramas. Of course, they've been around, and writing, longer than we have, but I wonder if our own 200 years of nationhood have really been so devoid of interest that we have to graft on unnatural events like *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald*. But enough.

The latest Masterpiece Theatre import is a 13-part adaptation of *I, Claudius* (plus a portion of its sequel, *Claudius the God*), Robert Graves's chronicle of tawdry imperial intrigue during the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula and Claudius, the first four emperors of Rome. "Some people are going to be shocked," warns Alistair Cooke in his introduction; and as hard as it may be to feel shock about something which involves Alistair Cooke, however tenuously, it is a fact that this *Claudius* contains fully as much perversity and malevolence as any of ABC's fall line of amoral (not to mention acomic) situation comedies. For violence, *Claudius* is up there with *Starsky and Hutch, Kojak* and *Baretta*.

It is also, to judge from episodes one and two, probably the best piece of historical drama ever mounted on television. As a portrait in official depravity, *I, Claudius* is more convincing, more chilling and certainly more authentic than the recent *Washington: Behind Closed Doors* (and it will be viewed, incidentally, by perhaps 10 percent of the audience).

There is something poignantly appropriate, too, about a company of British actors at this juncture portraying decadent Roman luminaries. It is an exceptional company. Sometimes it seems as if the British people made a choice, perhaps over high tea on the afternoon of VE Day, that henceforth they would apply all their attention, ingenuity, discipline and resources to the mission of supplying actors to the world, whatever the impact on their general domestic condition. Twenty-five years from now, when the Angles and Saxons are back to living in caves and inflation has reached quadruple digits, I am confident that they will still be able to provide, at a moment's notice, a superbly trained troupe of actors of all desired ages, sexes, voices, and physical descriptions.

Besides thumping big productions like *Claudius* and *Poldark* and *Upstairs Downstairs*, the motherland has recently slipped us a few splendidly acted little sleepers, like *Fawlty Towers, Wodehouse Playhouse* and *Robin Hood*. In *Wodehouse Playhouse*, John Alderton and Pauline Collins—two outstanding veterans of *Upstairs Downstairs*—portray a new pair of star-crossed lovers every week, given half an hour to triumph over such obstacles as old flames, cruel aunts and crotchety guardians. And they do triumph, which will come as no surprise to Wodehouse readers but may be a jolt for those who have been conditioned by the occasional love stories that manage to get aired on American TV, in which at least one partner is invariably suffering (to strains of Mantovani) from some sort of terminal disease.

The early episodes of *I, Claudius* offer two terrific performances, one by Brian Blessed as Augustus and the other by Sian Phillips as his second wife Livia, who harnesses all the considerable potential for evil and cruelty that is to be found lying latently about in Rome's ruling circles. After administering poison to one of a batch of prospective Caesars who seem to enjoy priority over her son Tiberius, she is summoned by the victim's distraught physician. "He's bringing up green slime," says the doctor. "I've never seen anything like it before. Have you?" Phillips considers. "Green, you say? No, I don't think I have." Then, upon further reflection, she adds sympathetically, "Perhaps it's a good sign."

The role of Claudius, played by Derek Jacobi, is the role which drove Charles Laughton quite mad—or madder than usual—when he undertook to play it for the abortive Alexander Korda/Josef von Sternberg film version (Laughton's collapse, and the production's, were chronicled in *The Epic That Never Was*, a documentary shown on NET). When co-star Merle Oberon was injured in an automobile accident, Korda and his backers moved swiftly to shut down


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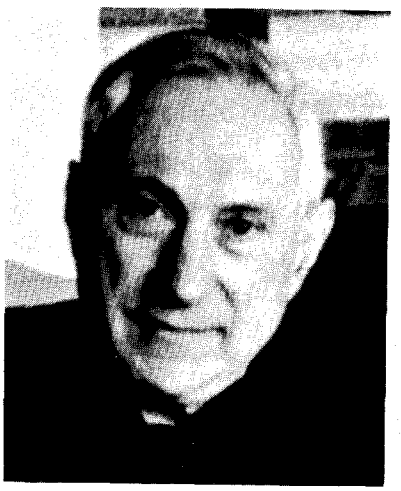

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production and submit a claim with their insurance company. But the real catastrophe was Laughton, and it's easy to see how this part could tie a method actor up in knots, for Graves' Claudius is a creature of wish fulfillment, an impossible contradiction of outward frailty and ineptitude, and inward shrewdness and perception. He hangs in the royal background through youth and young manhood and into middle age, laughed at, spat on and exploited by all and sundry until, by a fantastic turn of events, he succeeds the adolescent monster Caligula as Emperor of Rome. It's a shame that Laughton couldn't overlook the contradictions and enjoy the sheer theatricality of the concept, but now, at least, nearly 40 years later, someone has put Graves' books on the screen—the small screen—and apparently done a bang-up job, too.

*Behind every successful Emperor . . . Livia and Augustus in PBS's* I, Claudius.

A disturbing trend—one of 1104 that I have noted in the current TV season—is the growing incestuousness of network series, the way one is used to pump up or promote another. Episode one of *The San Pedro Beach Bums*, for example (TV critics are strangely drawn to this show, like moths to a flame) consisted largely of a guest appearance by two of Charley's three angels: and episode two featured Frank Gifford of *Monday Night Football*. (Curiously, the premiere of *Beach Bums* and the season opener of *Charley's Angels* both dealt with viciously competitive beauty pageants.)

ABC's series are hard enough to distinguish from one another without giving the characters free passage from show to show, although lately it has become unclear if the network really wants us to make any distinctions. Preceding the grotesque *Soap*, for example, is a series called *Three's Company*, which last season was a fairly amiable and innocent comedy about a platonic *ménage à trois*. This season *Three's Company* has abruptly been turned into a crude, brassy saga of sexual one-upmanship which, like *Happy Days* during its most unhappy decline, seems to find infinite humor in the sexual lives of the short, fat parents and in-laws of the young, hip principals. It looks as if ABC has decided to make Tuesday night "Adult Entertainment Night" at any cost.

While ABC has been the big leader in this process of turning its series schedule into a mutual admiration society, the other networks have not ignored the possibilities by any means. Was it coincidence that Frank Sinatra threw out the ceremonial first ball as the Dodgers and Phillies began the National League playoffs? Conceivably. But NBC's Dick Enberg seemed to have prepared for the occasion; Sinatra, he informed us, would soon be making his "first made-for-TV movie, *Contract on Cherry Street*," and his "first and only appearance on the *Tonight Show*." (It was not clear if this "first and only" business amounted to a blanket guarantee from the network that Sinatra would stay away from the *Tonight Show* forever after.)

One of the most immoderate denun-



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ciations ever aimed at network programming was that delivered recently by Robert Wussler, then president of CBS. The network he was aiming at was ABC. ". . . It has taken the Saturday morning cartoon shows and moved them into prime time as live-action shows," said Wussler. "This is comic-book stuff, cartoon-style without the cartooning, and I say it is junk."

Wussler unloaded these sentiments on page C-28 of a Friday *New York Times*. On page C-26 of the same paper, CBS had purchased a third-of-a-page advertisement for its evening lineup, consisting of *Switch* ("Death at 150 M.P.H.! At the world-famous Monte Carlo auto races!"), *Logan's Run* (Logan and Jessica pursued by fiendish hunter who stalks humans for fun!") and *Wonder Woman* ("Wonder Woman target of revenge-crazed enemy with unlimited power to destroy her!"). On other nights the CBS '77-'78 schedule includes such titles as *Spiderman* and *The Incredible Hulk*.

*Epilogue: Two weeks after Wussler's remarks concerning ABC he was removed from office in a hasty CBS management shuffle. Rotten luck, Bob, but that's free enterprise for you.*

# Books Considered

## The Feminization of American Culture by Ann Douglas

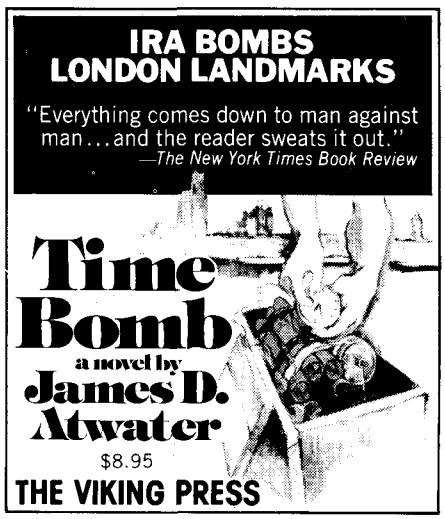
(Alfred A. Knopf; $15)

Ann Douglas has written a witty and wise book that synthesizes theology, belles lettres, and social history while giving unity to the whole through her central, titular theme. By "feminization" Douglas means a cultural process involving just those attributes traditionally ascribed by men to women and loathed by feminists. Her room, moreover, has a very large purview, something closer to *Lebensraum* than to the intimate spaces of an Austen or a Woolf, being a genteel version of imperialism.

No woman in Victorian England or America wrote a novel equivalent to *Vanity Fair*, in which domestic and erotic struggles are seen against the smoky backdrop of Napoleonic wars, a duality delineated by Tolstoy also but not by Mme. de Staël. Yet as the closed world of women came more and more to be equated with imprisonment, the birds in gilded cages realized their kinship with African slaves. It was in Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that a woman writer came closest to the shape of *Vanity Fair*, only the War in question was still eight years away, however-much inevitable the conflict. Yet what Mrs. Stowe set forth was a struggle with which her women readers were quick to identify themselves, the inherent conflict between masters and slaves.

Douglas regards the metaphorical context of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as relevant still to the modern condition of women, definitive of the root which has become the full flowering branch of feminism. Disenfranchised by a Constitution written by men, yet freed from domestic labor by an economy of capitalist (male) entrepreneurship, middle-class Victorian women found themselves increasingly with nothing to do. Such freedom is the frivolous kind that channels itself into fashion: nothing to do becomes "Nothing to Wear." As the millenarianism of the founding fathers became the mills of their millionaire sons, so those mills turned out the yardgoods that adorned the daughters of Betsy Ross: millenarianism, in short, become millineryism. Uncle Tom as a slave exemplifies one half of Nietzsche's dictum concerning Christianity, Little Eva the other half, for the slave picked the cotton that became the maiden's saintly robe. To this tableau we may add two men of the cloth, a millowner rampant, a minister couchant, for as the factory replaced the church as the central architectural fact in New England towns, Calvinism declined to Calvaryism, the lachrymose piety of a chromo Christ epitomized by the death of Little Eva. Where the Mosaic preachers of Congregational New England had once carved their sermons in stone, their Unitarian descendants preferred soft soap. John Winthrop's generation created Harvard College, Cotton Mather's Yale, Jonathan Edwards' Princeton, while Henry Ward Beecher witnessed the founding of the Sisters—and Sunday School.

Boston had barely been settled when the Puritan hegemony was threatened by Anne Hutchinson, who took the Reverend John Cotton at his Word. Governor Winthrop corrected his minister's thinking, and after that women remained on their side of the church, repressing their pulpit envy. But by the middle of the 19th century the pews were filled mostly with women, and the presiding parson like the heroes of the novels read by his congregation was something of an hermaphrodite, a woman's man who purveyed a feminine Christ. As in *The Scarlet Letter*, women and ministers got together once again, and in the case of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Tilton it was for the selfsame end. But the Pearls produced were mostly of a literary sort, containing a lot of stuff for every grain of substance, and they chiefly served to fill up Christmastide annuals called "gift books." Ornately bound, with jewels and flowers for titles, these objects were the coffee-table books of their day, resembling boxes of candy in shape and caloric count. But whatever its form and content, the bulk of the popular literature of the Victorian period in America was written by women for women, and was keyed to the esthetics of domestication: in "family" magazines fashion plates appeared side by side with lugubrious engravings suitable for framing and sentimental stories good for a cry. Like the silks and satins worn by its writers and readers, this literature was made possible in quantity and cheapness by technology, for the rotary press was to the printshop what the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steam-driven loom was to the textile mill. The result, as Ann Douglas demonstrates, was a predecessor, indeed the progenitor, of our modern mass-produced consumer culture, in which artifacts are designed so as to create as well as sustain consumer appetite.

Yet as with the bond of ministers and matrons that produced the Antinomian rebellion of Winthrop's time, the union of gingham and broadcloth was in effect subversive: clergymen, defrocked by a materialist society of their formerly awesome robes joined league with ladies weighed down with the burden of bustles and bows dictated by a consumerist economy, and together they conspired to convey a watery evangelism, intending by means of what they called "influence" to counteract the coarser effects of the Protestant Ethic gone bad. But like the Jordan River this cleansing stream of tears became a very dead sea. The scribbling women and their ministers succeeded largely in influencing themselves, carrying on what must be called a closet revolution, in which change once again was mostly a matter of clothes. The great exception would seem to be *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but as Ann Douglas points out, the death of Little Eva succeeds in changing nothing, for having relieved themselves of much salt water and gleaned a considerable crop of golden locks, the black men go back to work and the white men go back to working them. As with Little Eva, so with the book itself, for though Lincoln is supposed to have credited Mrs. Stowe with starting the Civil War, it is a legend that bears more testimony to his facetious wit than to his appreciation of the power of literature to convince: "So you are the little lady, etc." In much the same vein, Mark Twain blamed the Civil War on the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and a case might be made for *Leaves of Grass*.

We may debate the effect of literature (or student riots) on political action, but what Douglas proves beyond the shadow of an opinion is that women in league with ministers created a world in which suffering and death were major themes, marriage a desideratum, and sentimentality the veil through which, as from behind a waterfall, the world was seen. It is a world that turns even today, as several hours spent with daytime television will prove, for though the minister heroes of a century ago have been replaced by medical doctors, the mournful notes of pipe organs still provide the score, and Marcus Welby—as his apostolic name suggests—is a most ecclesiastical presence. Douglas blames this turgid demimonde of mawkishness made flesh on the capitalist system, and surely the prevalence of pandering that determines the sequential rhythms suggests there is an intimate connection between creativity and commerce. Yet as the evidence of Communist propaganda should suggest, sentimentality is not exclusively a capitalistic product, and the operas staged in Peking contain a generous portion of soap.

Despite the brilliance of her argument, the marshalling of a tremendous weight of evidence in both statistical and interpretive forms, Ann Douglas in her desire to convince us overlooks some alternative facts. As a Marxist (in terms of literary theory), Douglas sees the feminization of American culture as an imperfect dialectic, an incomplete and finally useless struggle. But her own work suffers from a similar flaw, a failure to carry her argument past the antithetical phase, in which the materials of the sentimental culture are viewed as worthless trash, its creators as hopeless victims of the industrial-macho system. Having in her next to the last chapter provided a luminous question-mark in the figure of "Mrs. Ossoli," a puzzling person who is both a typical product of her time and a thoroughly modern Margaret—and who thereby contains the inherent and crippling disjunctiveness of the woman's "role" both then and now—Ann Douglas goes on to end her book with a discussion of Herman Melville. In effect she capitulates to the necessity she is describing, abandoning the world women made for the most masculine of American writers.

Here, as in most discussions of our literature, Melville serves as a great exception, his appearance justified by Douglas's observation that where in England novelists of both sexes were able to elevate Victorian sentimentality to high art, in America the great talents were 1) men who 2) chose the arena of high even epical adventure and ignored (or shunned) the domestic arena. This is a well-known phenomenon not easily explained, most recently anatomized by William Spengemann in *The Adventurous Muse*, and Melville is certainly epitomic of the common doom. But much as Longfellow was the chief purveyor in poetry (a writer and a mode mostly avoided by Douglas) of Victorian sentimentality, so his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne gave startling fictional shape to the domestic circle. Where Melville's one attempt at feminine literature, *Pierre*, was a fiasco, Hawthorne in his best work transformed the genre into a massive rebuttal of the scribbling women whose fecundity (and success) so offended him. If one must end a discussion of the feminization of American culture with a male writer, why not with him whose fiction was the ultimate subversive act, his best-known heroine the Victorian equivalent to a witch?

Moreover, it would have taken no undue stretching of chronology to have included Mark Twain, who shared Dickens' talent (much as he borrowed his formulas) for elevating sentimental materials into enduring works of art. Surely no single American writer is more typical than he of the capitalistic warping of craft to commercial considerations: If the feminine writers sold out to the male establishment, Mark Twain was from the start one of the boys. As a realist he pokes fun through Emmeline Grangerford at the lachrymoseness of little writing women, but over the death of little men like Emmeline's brother, Buck, he added considerable brine to the Father of Waters. And Mark Twain's dactylic Emmeline brings us to Emily Dickinson, who is truly the missing Ms. in Ann Douglas's book. For not the least of the poet's perversities was her preference for just those feminizing writers who make up the body of Douglas's primary references.

As a schoolgirl, Emily Dickinson wept in concert with friends over Donald G. ("Ik Marvel") Mitchell's *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and much of the literary society she chose before shutting the door was of a similar sort. Like Emmeline Grangerford, she was made possible by the parlors of Victorian America, those tomb-like silent spaces filled up with memorials to the dead that are interior versions of the park-like cemeteries which Ann Douglas (in one of her finest chapters) sees as the ultimate secularization of the paramount sacred fact. In those parlors, as in Dickinson's poetry, the inhabitants sat waiting for gentlemen callers who never returned, a living death in which a fly buzzing against a windowpane was a major event. What Mark Twain

**Correction**

We regret that in the presentation of Donald Davie's poetry (Oct. 22) we didn't note that his collected poems are available in an American edition from Oxford Univ. Press.



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ridiculed in "The House Beautiful" while decorating his home in similar fashion, Emily Dickinson compacted into poetry, her art having the peculiar grace of trash under pressure. With compressed lips and lines, Emily Dickinson's ironies show us how victories may yet be won, for her sisters are legion among us today, exploring the wreck in diving bells of rare device.

I do not mean for any of this to qualify my high opinion of Ann Douglas's study, which is in the best tradition of scholarship, the kind of book one can build on. What I have added is the result of enthusiasm not skepticism, for *The Feminization of American Culture* is an exciting, readable book, in which a wilderness of sources and texts is made a garden of sense and sensibility.

**John Seelye**

## Caught in the Web of Words: James A. H. Murray and The "Oxford English Dictionary" by K. M. Elisabeth Murray

(Yale University Press; $15)

The dust jacket of this book reproduces a charming and intriguing photograph. Sir James Augustus Henry Murray, with his long white beard, dressed in his customary black frock coat, on his head the ever-present black velvet honorary doctor's cap from Edinburgh University, stands in his "scriptorium." In one hand is a book; in the other hand is a slip of paper; and on the walls, tables, chairs and floor are thousands of similar slips of paper, each containing a definition or a historical reference. He has a prophetic Old Testament aura about him. The photograph is significant. From it emerges not only a picture of the individual man and scholar typical of Victorian values and industry but also an idea of the massive amount of research and organization which underlay Murray's monumental achievement, the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

The OED, as it is usually known, is the greatest treasure house of any language in the world, unrivalled for its comprehensiveness and ease of consultation as well for its reliability and scholarship. This vast enterprise was begun in 1857 by the Philological Society; the "Proposal for the Publication of a New English Dictionary . . ." outlines the two major principles of the work: "The first requirement of every lexicon is that it should contain every word occurring in the literature of the language it professes to illustrate" and "In the treatment of individual words the historical principle will be uniformly adopted."

*Caught in the Web of Words* is the biography, by his granddaughter, of the unusual man who, following in the tradition begun in the previous century by the illustrious Dr. Johnson, became the greatest lexicographer of his own time or since in the English speaking world. James Murray's beginnings were not particularly promising. He was born in 1827, the son of a poor tailor in a small village in Scotland. He was largely self-educated, with no formal schooling beyond the age of 14. He was passionate about learning, however, which if it needed justification could be found in his simple and austere Congregationalist belief in the service of God and man, with a gift for languages and a wide-ranging intellectual curiosity. Marriage took Murray away from Scotland and the schoolmastering by which he had been supporting himself. He became a bank clerk in London in a vain attempt to find a healthier climate for his sick wife. After her death, he remained in London, remarrying soon after, and the biography provides an account of this long and happy marriage, with brief glimpses of the later lives of some of the 11 children born to James and Ada Murray. He remained a bank clerk until 1870, and he must have been the most learned bank clerk of the century; he had a knowledge of the written form of many languages, living and dead, and enthusiastically explored various branches of science; in his spare time he wrote a book on the grammar of the dialect of the border counties and was the editor of several volumes for the Early English Text Society. In 1879, he


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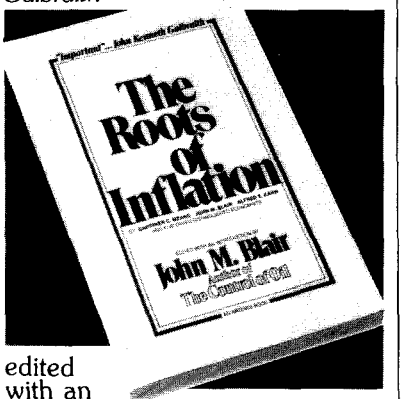


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returned to schoolmastering, at Mill Hill School, continuing his philological and dialectical work outside teaching hours. It was in 1876, while at Mill Hill School, that the invitation came to edit what was to become the OED.

First at Mill Hill and later in the back garden of his house in Oxford, Murray built his "scriptoria"—". . . an iron building, detached from my dwelling-house, to serve as a *Scriptorium*, and to accomodate safely and conveniently the materials. This has been fitted with blocks of pigeon holes, 1,029 in number, for the reception of the alphabetically arranged slips, and with writing desks, reference desks, and other conveniences for the extensive apparatus required."—and from these workshops came the greatest dictionary of modern times. The chests of letters and documents kept by the Murray family, and now opened by Elisabeth Murray, and numerous documents and account books preserved by the Oxford University Press, publisher of the OED, have enabled the compilation of an extraordinarily detailed account of the triumphs and the frustrations which were part of the history of the Dictionary. There are glimpses of Murray's collaborators, including the mercurial and unconventional Fredrick J. Furnivall, a pioneer in the study of English literature, and the determined Benjamin Jowett, whose persistence brought Murray and the OED to Oxford, as well as revelations of the wisdom and impatience in turn of those in charge at the Oxford University Press. Faced with exasperatingly lengthening forecasts for the completion date of the OED and of its size, and confronted with a desperately low financial return from their heavy investment, it is to the Press's eternal credit that the project was allowed to be completed.

Murray did not live long enough to edit the last pages of the Dictionary. He laid the lines of it, drew the plan, and edited more than half of it himself, with the help of a handful of devoted assistants. When he began the job he expected that it would take 10 years. After 35 years of work, the OED was still incomplete at his death in 1915. It took another 13 years, under three editors, to bring out the final volume.

The pleasure of Elisabeth Murray's book lies not only in her absorbing account of the Dictionary, but even more in her portrayal of her grandfather as an intellectually exceptional and humanely sympathetic figure. Murray often complained about the sacrifices demanded from him by the Dictionary, yet he stayed the dominant character in a large and active family which was his constant care and concern. At one point when he thought about resigning the editorship of the OED, he put first on the list of pleasures to which he would escape, "romps with my boys and walks with my wife." All his life Murray maintained wide general interests in astronomy, the weather, botany, geology and archaeology; he was constantly involved in civic and religious affairs; he had a tough physique and did not lose his enthusiasm for long walks and for climbing until he was in his seventies.

It was not a matter of mere chance that the project of a *New English Dictionary*, as the OED was originally called, was conceived in the reign of Queen Victoria. It had to be produced then if at all. It could not have been compiled earlier because it was only after the publication of many earlier texts that the historical treatment of words became possible. It would have been much more difficult to compile later, because of the enormous multiplication of printed matter and the invention of so many new words in the 20th century. As Elisabeth Murray says, "It is one of a number of monumental undertakings, chief among them the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the *Dictionary of National Biography* . . . which belong to this period of confidence in national greatness, of a belief in popular education and a disinterested love of learning. James Murray, with his tough constitution, his hope for the world, his strong sense of duty and service, his wide general knowledge, was the right man at the right time."

**J. M. Edelstein**

*J. M. Edelstein* is Chief Librarian of the National Gallery of Art.

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## Ecrits: A Selection by Jacques Lacan translated by Alan Sheridan

(Norton; $16.75)

In the early '60s when the French Psychoanalytic Society asked for affiliation with the International Psychoanalytic Association, the latter responded with a list of demands, among which was Jacques Lacan's being stripped of his rank of teaching and training analyst. Those who accepted, even those trained by Lacan, became members of the IPA while those who refused went on to form the Freudian School of Paris.

Thus for the international psychoanalytic community Lacan was silenced, and if you read the writings of its members, you will be struck by the effectiveness of this censure. It is not as though Lacan's ideas have been debated and refuted; no one has even given himself the trouble of addressing them.

Such a situation is peculiar among men of science, and no reader of Lacan can ignore the historical context of his writings, nor the responses they have elicited. Those chosen for this volume date to just before the events described above; they were thus the basis for what Lacan called his "excommunication."

In all fairness we must say that the writings are difficult to read if not at



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times frankly unreadable. For those who do not know French, I can testify to the high quality of a translation which gives as good a sense of the original as we are likely to have.

Thanks to Lacan's teaching the debate around psychoanalysis has been engaged otherwise in France than it has been over here. No one in France thinks of analysis as reductionist and oversimplifying or as engaged in efforts of self-justification. If Lacan's hermetic style has served to sharpen the debate to where it can concern the real issues, perhaps this was what he had in mind: restoring Freud's discovery to its initial dignity and originality.

For Lacan psychoanalysis does not have all the answers; it has very few if any. Its purpose is to help people to find the answers implicit in their questions, but to do so they have to be brought through the efforts of the analyst to ask the right questions. This does not happen through inspiration.

The first task of a psychoanalytic theory worthy of Freud's name is to define the specificity of its field: How is analysis different from other forms of psychotherapy? The second is to question the basis for the analyst's action. If analysis proves to be effective in resolving a neurotic conflict, how has the analyst acted to help his patient? Lacan, in responding to these questions, addresses himself to those who think the analyst acts with his being, his personality, or his ego and acts upon resistance, defenses, or consciousness to produce that curious hybrid called "mature genital love."

His answer is that the analyst acts with words upon his analysand's discourse, nothing else, to bring his patient to assume his desire. If this action remains obscure, this is because we have not fully appreciated the importance of language in determining psychical symptoms. When Lacan calls for a return to Freud, he means that these answers are perfectly clear in Freud's writings and represent the originality of his work.

Lacan's *Ecrits* represent an effort to rethink and to rearticulate the basic concepts of psychoanalysis in the light of work after Freud, not only in analysis, but in related disciplines like linguistics, ethnology, and philosophy.

Thus he borrows from Saussure the notion of the signifier and redefines it in terms of what Freud called the nodal point of a discourse. In so doing he attempts to decenter the analyst's listening—away from complexes and defenses and meanings—on to what is said and how it is said, on to the significant the patient does not recognize as such, and the insignificant offered as a sop to the analyst's ego.

The analyst who appreciates the importance of his own speech in the cure will weigh his words, and will concern himself with even the most subtle distinctions; often the resolution of a neurosis can ride on the wording of an intervention.

Thus Lacan admonished Ernst Kris in the article "The Direction of the Treatment" to measure the difference, in the case of someone who is afraid of being a plagiarist, between interpreting the defense, as Kris did, and aiming at the signifier. Where Kris told his patient that his wish to be a plagiarist was a defense against his really becoming one, Lacan answers that we cannot touch the structure of a neurosis by telling the patient that he is not stealing, for that is exactly what he is demanding from us. What he should be told is that he is stealing, but that what he is stealing is, precisely, nothing.

The analyst's response must be enigmatic and it cannot do that without playing on the resources of language. An interpretation ought not to attempt to pin a label on a structure to dispose of it. Nor should it attempt to shore up the patient's ego by responding to his demand. The ego is the agency that works longest and hardest to maintain neurosis.

Lacan argues that Freudian psychoanalysis must recognize that its act bears on nothing else than the elements of verbal discourse, and that if it is to restore to the patient his desire (distorted and alienated in dreams or symptoms), it can only do so if the analyst maintains without reservation his own desire in understanding the basis of his act.

No one, even today, is so advanced in psychoanalysis that he can write off one of its major theoreticians and practitioners as a heretic. Scientific interest and a rigorous professional ethic would seem to dictate Lacan's at least having a hearing. Is this not after all the best that the psychoanalyst has to offer?

**Stuart Schneiderman**

*Stuart Schneiderman* practices psychoanalysis in New York and is at work on a book on Lacan.


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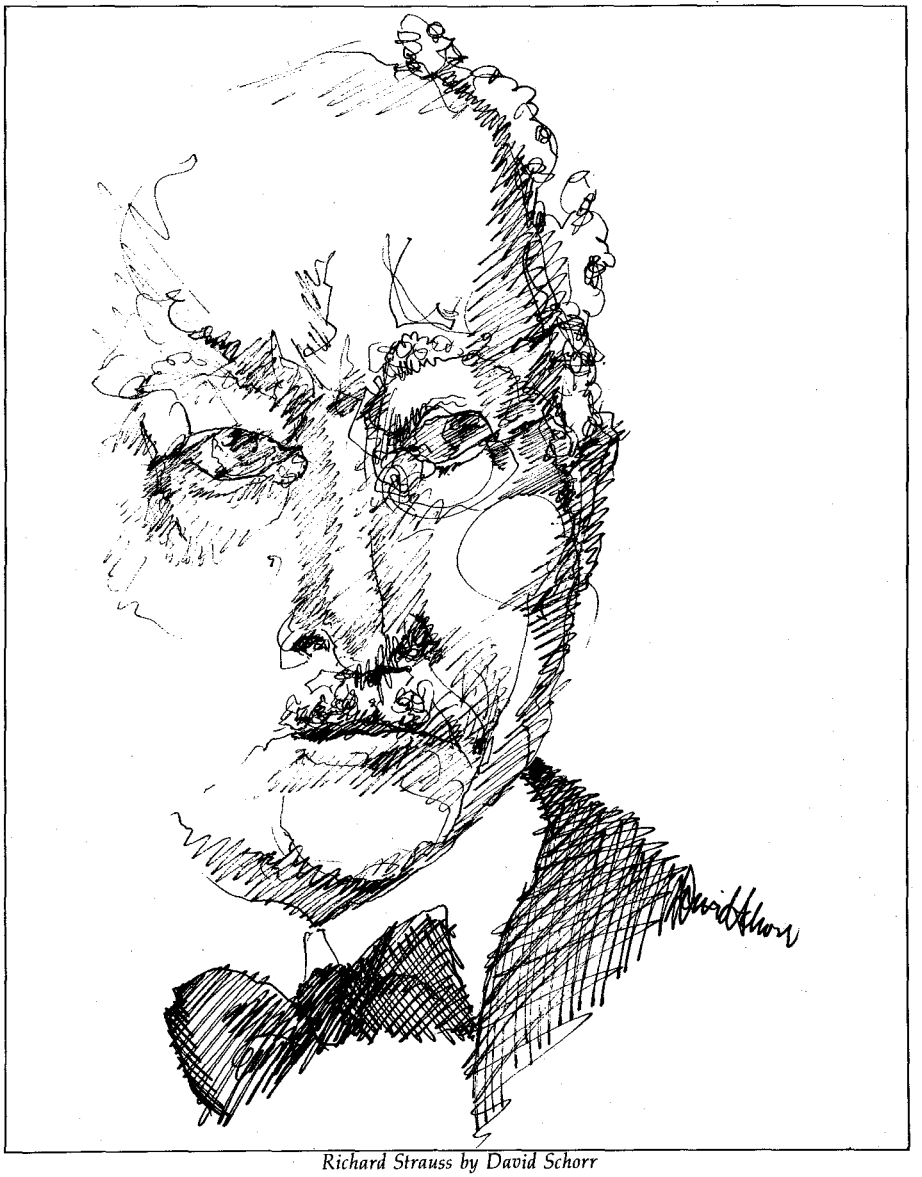
# A Confidential Matter: The Letters of Richard Strauss and Stefan Zweig, 1931-1935 translated from the German by Max Knight foreword by Edward E. Lowinski

(University of California Press; $8.95)

These letters are important not for what they reveal about the musical intelligence of Richard Strauss or Stefan Zweig, but for what they can tell us about intellectuals and politics. Musically there is little new or exciting in reading correspondence about *Die schweigsame Frau (The Silent Woman)*, the opera on which Strauss and Zweig collaborated. Yet their collaboration spans the years just before and after Hitler's accession to power on January 30, 1933. Letters ostensibly about an operatic libretto become political documents, case studies of how two men of good will became enmeshed in the harsh politics of their time. Richard Strauss depended upon Jews for his librettos, the publishing of his music, and had a Jewish daughter-in-law besides. Stefan Zweig, an Austrian Jew, was the author of best selling historical biographies which condemned tyrants and praised men of reason, tolerance and moderation. Strauss accepted the presidency of the Reich Chamber of Music, an organization controlled by Goebbels to which all German musicians had to belong. Zweig himself refused to provoke the regime and gladly collaborated with the president of the Chamber of Music: "Only one command exists for us," we read, "to be creative for the good of mankind."



*Richard Strauss by David Schorr*

Art was separated from politics. That such a separation was easy for Strauss is revealed in the nature of the libretti he demanded for his operas. Strauss begs Zweig to provide a "warmhearted little theme," and stated frequently that great dramatic or heroic subjects did not inspire his music. Strauss was constantly searching for the trivial: light comedies now seemed best suited to his taste. It was his music which transformed matter more suitable for an operetta into grand opera. Zweig and Strauss met on common ground in their admiration for interesting, if at times shallow personalities, their belief that in history the individual alone mattered. They also shared a preoccupation with the intrigues and disguises which seemed to dominate that past to which they always returned in their letters: the Renaissance and the 18th century. The *longue durée*, basic trends in history, or analogies to the present did not seem to matter at all. The very nature of their creativity made it difficult for them to understand the Nazis.

Personal relationships were all that mattered in art and life. Thus Strauss failed to understand the endemic nature of Nazi anti-Semitism, refusing to drop Zweig "just because we have an antisemitic government." He probably meant it when he said that he accepted his presidency in order to prevent more Nazi interference, while at the same time fearing that the loss of Zweig as librettist would end his musical creativity. Zweig was prone to hero-worship; typically enough his biographies ignored the more impersonal forces and trends of history. His admiration for Strauss was unbounded. But beyond the political blinders which were part and parcel of their art, Strauss and Zweig shared the hope and belief of many Germans that the Nazi government would not last. Therefore art could be protected from politics and "extremists" prevented from destroying personal and artistic integrity.

The very listing of their turns and twists which were meant to accomplish this end are revealing: discretion is necessary in complex times; revealing one's ideas and purposes would only lead to newspaper gossip; artistic accomplishment and inner peace are all that matter. Zweig did not hesitate to advise Strauss that he must compose something close to the German mind.



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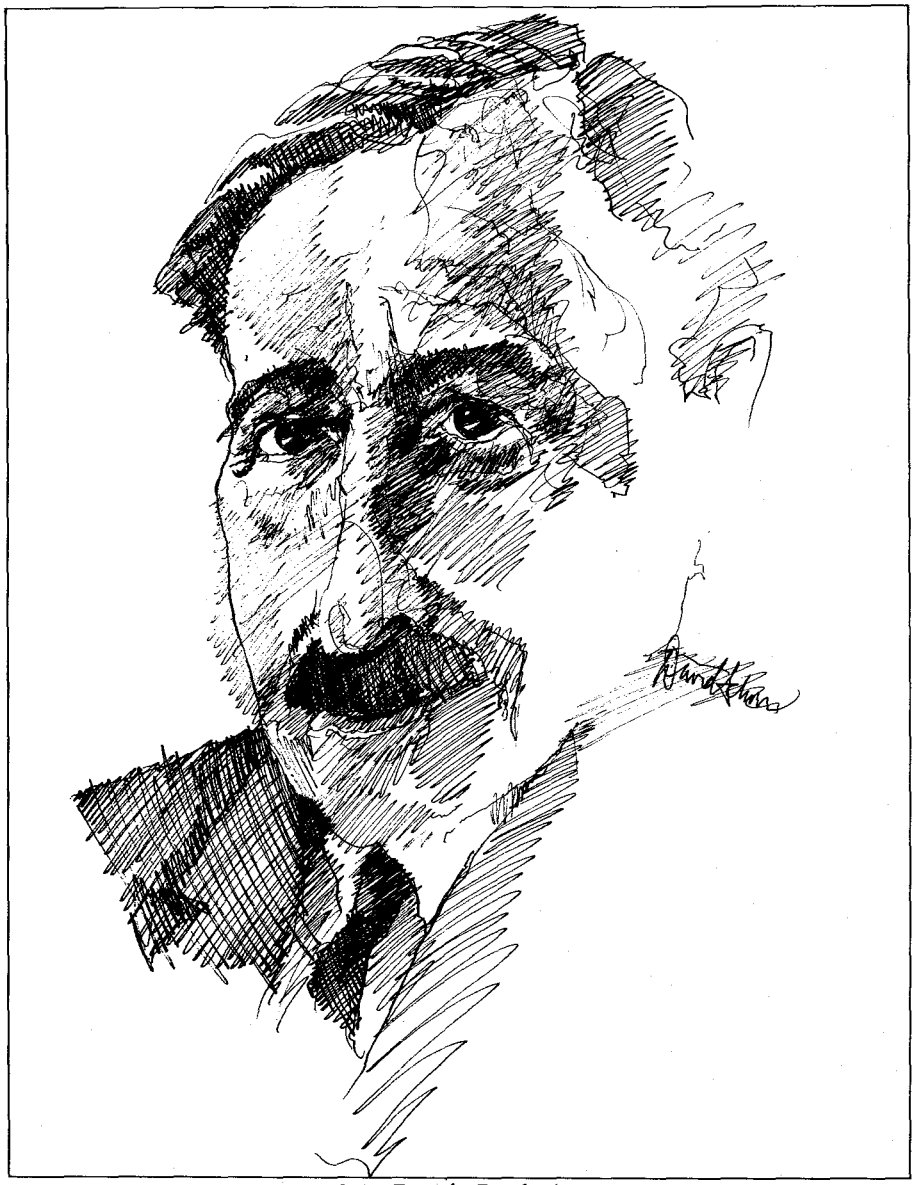
Where is the Zweig who, in his autobiography, *The World of Yesterday*, probably his only lasting literary accomplishment, prided himself on the possession of a critical mind? Even while corresponding with Strauss, Zweig's response to the Nazi seizure of power had been a biography of Erasmus. Here the weaknesses and strengths of Zweig's liberalism are revealed. Erasmus stood for tolerance, moderation and the integrity of belief against outside pressure. Yet he always hesitated before making decisions and felt that political compromise was the key to moderation, and the avoidance of bitterness and hate. Zweig followed the model he constructed and hoped that neither bitterness nor hate would disturb his inner peace and artistic creativity. Compromise was always possible.



*Stefan Zweig by David Schorr*

There was reason to hope: the opera was performed and Strauss succeeded in putting Zweig's name on the program. Hitler's policy of treading softly until the time was ripe encouraged the optimism so obvious in these letters. After all, the Nuremberg Laws were still in the future, and many German Jews who had fled were returning to a Reich whose bark seemed worse than its bite. As a matter of fact, political awakening came for Strauss and Zweig before it reached many other Germans and Jews. A letter from Strauss to Zweig was intercepted in which the composer restated his belief that only artistic talent mattered, and that it was unimportant whether or not the artist was an Aryan or a Jew. Though Strauss had to resign his presidency at once, his awakening was only halfhearted. He continued to perform in the Third Reich, and clung almost desperately to his belief that art must above all else be protected from politics. Earlier, in the spring of 1935, Zweig told Strauss that he had come to the limits of his "*sacrificio d' intelleto*," as he put it, that his personal integrity was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now endangered by extremists. Even so, it is not until summer that all prevarication ends. Strauss's pleading was no longer of any avail.

These letters unfold a drama. Edward Lowinski's introduction sets the stage and Richard Strauss's own notes on his difficulty in staging the opera end the book. The story of a slow political awakening provides the setting for this drama of liberal men of good will, who because of their artistic bent and naive but honorable commitment never understood what they were facing. The politics of compromise could not cope with the politics of confrontation.

**George L. Mosse**

*George L. Mosse* is Bascom Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin.

## The Emissary, A Life of Enzo Sereni by Ruth Bondy

(Little, Brown; $9.95)

This biography of one of the heroic and romantic—I use these suspect adjectives advisedly—figures of pre-state Jewish Palestine, evokes superbly the vision that went into the creation of Israel. Too often the dreary daily news dulls our awareness of what it was all about. Ruth Bondy's vivid and finely intelligent work reminds even an old Zionist of how much passion and idealism—again big words—brought the Jewish state into being.

Born in Rome in 1905, killed in Dachau in 1944, Enzo Sereni came of a wealthy, assimilated Italian Jewish family; his father was court physician to the king. A brilliant, precocious youngster, little in his environment or education suggested that as a teen-ager he would turn to Zionism. (His older brother chose communism.) A staunch Italian patriot, enchanted by Italian culture, Enzo recited Dante by the canto as ardently as a pious Jew might chant passages of scripture. Yet by the age of 17, after flirting briefly with fascism and Christianity, he discovered in the teachings of the Hebrew prophets the ethic by which he wished to live. An activist, he became possessed by the notion of establishing an ideal society based on physical labor and collective living in the ancient homeland—in short, the program of Socialist Zionism. In 1927, he and his bride, Ada, a girl of a similar social background, left for Palestine to the consternation of their assorted parents. They were 22 years old, with a baby, and no experience of physical work.

The young Serenis were the first Italian *halutzim* (pioneers) in the country and the unusual accomplishments of Enzo—he was already a PhD, a budding scientist and a talented linguist—fascinated his comrades. Though many young Jewish students from affluent homes had left Eastern Europe to join the early waves of settlement in Palestine, their Zionism sprang from rebellion against the pariah status of Jews in the Czarist domain. Sensitive German Jews, too, in spite of their seeming prosperity in pre-Hitler Europe, could not escape knowledge of endemic anti-Semitism in their fatherland. Italian Jewry, on the other hand, though fascism was over the horizon, felt rooted and at home in Italy, so much so that Enzo considered himself honor-bound to serve his one-year term in the Italian army before leaving. Only American settlers of the future would leave a native land in which they felt as secure and to which they were as attached as Enzo was to Italy.

Enzo's initiation consisted of work in an orange grove in Rehovoth where he would regale receptive fellow-workers with recitations of Dante—this time in Jabotinsky's Hebrew translation. After the day's hard labor, Enzo would compose long letters to his Communist brother to wean him from Marxist determinism and the Third Internationale's opposition to Zionism. In one such communication Enzo wrote: "The experience of fascism has convinced me of the superiority of free thought and criticism, and has uprooted in me any tendency to idealize inquisitions, be they for God's sake or for the sake of the proletariat."

Life as a laborer in a private owner's orange grove was hardly satisfactory. The next step was the establishment of a kibbutz. Palestine was then in an economic depression. New kibbutzim foundered on the inexperience of settlers unable to endure the financial and physical hardships of such endeavors. Consequently the Settlement Department of the Zionist Organization, whose task it was to assign land and to provide initial funds for housing was unwilling to sponsor further "Utopian" experiments whose failures were expensive and disheartening. And the Serenis, in view of their soft, upper-class background, seemed singularly unpromising candidates. Besides, Ada already had two babies; her second daughter was born after the first year in Palestine. Nevertheless, the irrepressible, "fiery" Enzo located a stony tract of land belonging to the Jewish National Fund on a hill south of Rehovoth. Though the skeptical Settlement Department declined to authorize the kibbutz, Sereni persuaded a nucleus of 35 workers to occupy the land. In June 1928, Givat Brenner, today the largest kibbutz in Israel with 2000 members, and one of the most flourishing, came into being.

The growing pains of a young kibbutz are part of the folklore of Palestine. Dingy barracks, water carted in by donkeys, the lack of sanitary facilities, even the want of bread were not peculair to Givat Brenner. Yet a notion of the stamina required is gotten from Ada's method of bringing her children, who needed daily treatment for an eye infection, to the clinic in Rehovoth: "Ada would carry one of them in her arms some distance, then put her down on the ground and go back to bring the other, for it was out of the question to push a baby carriage through the sand; thus she would cover the entire four kilometers."

Inevitably the original 35 dwindled to 13. The author's account of how Enzo wheedled and battled to keep the kibbutz going is instructive not only as a portrait of its guiding genius but for an understanding of fundamental aspects

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of communal life. In one respect Givat Brenner differed from the traditional kvutzah. Enzo opposed a small, elitist commune with a homogeneous membership. In his view the kibbutz was a social form for the many, not for the few who could pass the test of ideological purity. In other respects too he proved heretical. No ascetic on principle, a lover of the arts and even of a good dinner when available, he made no virtue of privation. "Equality does not mean equality in tooth-aches," he ruled when a member sought to alter the rigid work schedule for a visit to the dentist. Unlike his more doctrinaire fellows Enzo did not have to outgrow the luxury of self-flagellation.

During the '30s, with Hitler on the rise, Enzo became the emissary of the labor movement to recruit Jewish youth in Europe and the United States for pioneering in Palestine. In 1931 he was in Germany with his message of socialism and Zionism. Though Nazi power gave force to his appeal, the immigration quotas set by the Mandatory British raised formidable barriers. In 1936 he was in the United States striving to galvanize the sagging Labor Zionist movement, particularly the youth whom he stirred with the sweep of his ideas and his personal magnetism. Golda Meir, in the United States at the same time, wondered a shade dourly why she, who was Enzo's senior by only six years, was welcomed as an honored guest by youth groups who regarded the ebullient Enzo as one of their own. Though his practical success was slight—few then as today followed his call for "self-realization"—he attracted a core of devotees who became the founders of Kfar Blum. In one respect Enzo's mission worried his sponsors. He was deeply troubled by the Arab problem and discussed it with a candor not acceptable to the leadership. Some years later, under the pressure of events, his early faith in the happy coexistence of Arab and Jewish workers was to lessen.

At the outbreak of World War II he was back in Palestine. When the Italian army penetrated Egypt Enzo was recruited by British intelligence for anti-fascist propaganda among Italian prisoners in Egypt. In a letter home he reviewed the change in his values precipitated by the war: "I did not reject any of my former convictions: profound hatred of war and of the false belief that violence can decide the fate of nations and bring peace and security anywhere. These remained firm. What I did revise was my faith in the absolute value of human life, in human life as the highest good which is not to be sacrificed at any price . . . Is it indeed true that nothing is worth the sacrificing of young lives?"

He would soon answer the question in the most personal terms. Since 1942 the Jewish Agency through Moshe Sharett had been urging British Intelligence to drop Jewish parachutists from Palestine behind the enemy lines in Nazi-held Europe. Their mission would be twofold: the parachutists, volunteers from the labor settlements, would be dropped in their countries of origin where their knowledge of the language and terrain would enable them to gather information for the British; more important, they would seek to establish contact with the Jewries immured in the Nazi charnel-house. Paradoxically, the only direct attempt to reach the Jews of Europe was made by the small Jewish community of Palestine.

In 1944, after repeated obstacles raised by the British, 32 volunteers were parachuted into Romania, Hungary, Slovakia, Bulgaria, Austria and Italy. Among the three women in the group was the legendary Hanna Senesh who was executed at the age of 23 in her native Hungary. Her famous verses, written before her death, "Blessed is the match that is consumed in kindling flame . . ." became the theme-song of Palestine's struggle and in their way formulated poetically the question that Enzo had raised. Despite the opposition of Sharett and Ben Gurion, Enzo insisted on joining the mission. He was considered too old—39—for training; he knew too much, and he was "unique," irreplacable. In her "Afterword" to the biography, Golda Meir also describes him as "unique" among individuals who by any criteria qualified as extraordinary. But Enzo, as always boundlessly optimistic, was confident that he was resourceful enough to evade capture. And he would not send others on a dangerous mission in which he did not participate.

This time his natural buoyancy was of no avail. Due to a shift in wind he parachuted near a German camp in Northern Italy. The meticulous records kept by the Germans at Dachau reveal his fate: Arrived October 10, 1944; died November 18, 1944.

Ada became a significant figure in the organization of the illegal immigration of Jewish survivors into Palestine before 1948. However, the grim finale of the story of the Serenis was yet to be written. In 1954 a memorial for the parachutists who perished was held in Galilee. A plane carrying a commemorative scroll crashed into the audience. Among those killed were Daniel, the only son of Sereni, and his bride.

Yet unlike Hanna Senesh, whose young life is telescoped into her brief hour of triumphant martyrdom, Enzo's vitality escapes Dachau. His tragedy is a calamity, not a summation. Short, stocky, jovial, Enzo seemed at first glance unlikely stuff to be cast in a hero's mold. But in every phase of his life he defied the stereotype. Ruth Bondy has succeeded admirably in bringing Enzo, in all his colorful contradictions and steadfast moral commitments before the reader. In an excellent translation from the Hebrew by Shlomo Katz, *The Emissary* is a rich addition to the literature of pre-state Palestine, and its role in the diaspora.

## Marie Syrkin

*Marie Syrkin* is the author of *Blessed is the March, the Story of Jewish Resistance,* recently brought out in paperback by the Jewish Publication Society.

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## To Be Preserved Forever
## by Lev Kopelev
## translated and edited by Anthony Austin

(Lippincott; $12.50)

## The Ivankiad
## by Vladimir Voinovich
## translated by David Lapeza

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $10, $3.95 paper)

## The Samizdat Register
## edited by Roy A. Medvedev

(Norton; $10.95)

One of the hardest things to learn about the Soviet Union is what its people are really like. Presidents, businessmen, sovietologists and correspondents seldom get to know a flesh-and-blood homo sovieticus with his mystique unbuttoned, so we seldom understand how and why the Soviets do what they do. Lev Kopelev and Vladimir Voinovich have stripped the new clothes from a small company of midget emperors, and illuminated them with a clarity that is unusual among both official and dissident Soviet writers.

Kopelev is one of the rarest of the rare—someone who makes one think there must be something good about the Soviet system because it produced a man like him, even though it tried to crush him. He is, as the jacket blurb notes, "a scholar, a Jew and a Gulag survivor." He is also a Soviet patriot and a convinced Marxist, who fought to be readmitted to the Communist Party after he emerged from nine years in the prisons to which the Party consigned him, only to be expelled again in 1968 for protesting the arrest of dissident writers.

Kopelev was a fellow-prisoner of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's, the original of Lev Rubin in *The First Circle*—the brilliant linguist who believes so devoutly in the society that imprisoned him that he can say, "For the first time in the history of mankind we have an aim which is so sublime that we can really say that it justifies the means employed to attain it."

*To Be Preserved Forever* is the story of the real-life believer's arrest, two trials, and first two years in prison. The title is the classification stamped on political trial dossiers in those days, "so that no enemy of the people can cover his tracks after serving his sentence. And so that if there's a mistake, it can be corrected," the interrogator says. At the end of World War II, Kopelev was a political officer in a unit that broadcast propaganda to German troops to persuade them to surrender. He was arrested for protesting against rape and looting by Soviet troops, which he felt dishonored the holy cause; his accusers said his protests were proof of "bourgeois humanism" and pity for the Germans which demoralized Soviet soldiers.

After his first trial, Kopelev was released, one of the few people ever acquitted in a Soviet political case. When he applied then for readmission to the Party, he was not only refused, but his case was reopened and he was convicted. He went on believing in the Soviet system long after this verdict despite its injustice in Soviet terms. Only after years in the Gulag did he come to feel that there was an essential justice to his punishment, "for the many years I had zealously participated in plundering the peasants, worshiping Stalin, lying and deceiving myself in the name of 'historical necessity,' and teaching others to believe in lies and to bow before scoundrels."

Unfortunately, Kopelev mentions this transformation only in his last few pages. I hope he will publish another book about his conversion from Stalinism to tolerance, to a Marxist humanism—with some indication whether Solzhenitsyn played a role in it—that will provide even deeper insights into the evolution of homo sovieticus. In the meantime he has drawn lifelike sketches of himself as a Communist who believed instinctively in truth and honor even while he said that the end justified the means, of other men who preserved their inner freedom despite Stalinist "repression," and of life in the Gulags (colored with a palette closer to Alexander Dolgun's than Alexander Solzhenitsyn's).

Most important, Kopelev has painted a warts-and-all, or dimples-and-all portrait of another kind of Soviet man, the embodiment of the Stalinist banality of evil (a distant cousin, perhaps, of Hannah Arendt's Eichmann). Minei Demyanovich Zabashtansky was head of the psychological warfare section of the political department of the 50th Army in 1944 and thus Kopelev's commander. He was an uneducated peasant who rose through the Stalin purges to become secretary of the Lvov Party committee before the war. Except that he had no industrial experience, Zabashtansky's career must have paralleled Leonid Brezhnev's, a couple of years and ranks and degrees of intelligence behind. Zabashtansky was so much an apparatchik that he picked his wife out of Komosmol personnel files before he ever laid eyes on her. Kopelev liked him at first: "He would joke and pretend to be a simple fellow, but you could tell that he was shrewd, energetic and stubborn." But the peasant mistrusted the intellectual's "egotistic . . . anarchistic tendencies," and the intellectual felt revulsion when the peasant intoned words like 'Party,' 'Motherland,' 'Bolshevik ideology,' 'the people' and 'Socialism' in a studiedly emotional quaver, emptying them of their essence." The story of Zabashtansky's betrayal of Kopelev, from battlefront quarrels to the testimony that convicted him, has an almost Dostoevskian flavor; Zabashtansky is a Smerdyakov without imagination or passion.

In direct line of descent from Zabashtansky is Sergei Sergevich Ivanko, the literary bureaucrat who is the anti-hero of Voinovich's *Ivankiad*. (Voinovich is not Jewish, though those who harass him imply that he is and those who defend him tell him to hint that he isn't, but he would rejoice in the comment, "*epis* an epic.") Fortunately, Ivanko does less harm than Zabashtansky; he sends only books to the dustbin of history, not authors. He tries to appropriate additional living space for himself in a writers' cooperative apartment building in Moscow, though he already has more than the rules allow and Voinovich is entitled to the newly vacant space. Ivanko loses and Voinovich wins the living space; one difference between the 1940s and the 1970s is that the banal evildoers sometimes meet defeat.



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Ivanko also loses whatever grace he might ever have possessed in Voinovich's comic account of their struggle. The book is essentially factual, but its high points are fantasy: One is a satire of Ivanko's workday, from a meeting with an American publisher who won't buy Ivanko's kolkhoz romances but does bite at a Goebbels diary, to the lies Ivanko actually told about why they were not printing Kornei Chukovsky's fabled miscellanea (he said the ceilings at the printer's had collapsed on the type). Another is Voinovich's dream of Ivanko riding his "improbably blue, diamond-studded" American toilet like a bulldozer through the apartment wall. Ivanko actually had an American toilet, a souvenir of his years in the United States as a literary diplomat. If he is at the Moscow Book Fair in September, the American publishers who choose to do business there can make deals to swap toilets. They will have as much to do with literature as the kind of deals for books that are likely to emerge.

Voinovich specializes in comic portrayals of Soviet officials. Nothing in *The Ivankiad* is quite as good as the confrontation between a KGB man and a Jew named Stalin in "The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin," published here earlier this year, but there is a chuckle in every glimpse of Ivanko and the co-op chairman, Boris Alexandrovich Turganov, whose removal from office Voinovich compares to Richard Nixon's. The first comic writer who is entirely a product of the Soviet system shows a side of it seen as rarely as the far side of the moon: it is a racket for the benefit of those at the top.

Unlike Kopelev and Voinovich, the contributors to *Samizdat Register* provide few three-dimensional pictures of Soviet man and are not very accessible to readers unfamiliar with Soviet ways. The book consists of eight essays from a samizdat journal called *XX Century*, edited by Roy Medvedev, a historian who like Lopelev straddles the border between dissident and devout. Most of the essays are dull; how many non-specialists care about resemblances between Stalinism and a minor idea of Marx's about "the Asiatic Mode of Production?" The various translators are competent, but they explain none of the obscure references as David Lapeza does so well in *Ivankiad*.

Still, three of the essays illuminate Soviet life. One is a satirical but factual analysis proving that alcohol is "Commodity No. 1" in Soviet industrial production. The second is a letter that F. K. Mironov, a Bolshevik commander in the Civil War, wrote to the heads of party and state in March 1921. He wrote it from Butyrki Prison in Moscow, one of Kopelev's stopping places 25 years later and still in use today. Mironov was an early Kopelev, an enthusiastic Bolshevik who accepted the system's arresting him but believed that it would, it must exculpate him. He was shot three days after writing the letter.

The third interesting essay is Kopelev's attack on Solzhenitsyn for the historical ignorance and inaccuracy he displayed in his "Letter to the Soviet Leaders." It demonstrates quite clearly that the best-known critic of the Soviet system is himself a homo sovieticus, sharing the regime's misapprehensions about the West and willing, even determined to ignore the truth in order to prove a point—in this case, that Russia needs an authoritarian but non-Communist regime.

The essay is all the more significant because Kopelev was with Solzhenitsyn in the special prison for scientists and because Kopelev and his wife made possible Solzhenitsyn's first publication in the Soviet Union. They introduced him to Alexander Tvardovsky, who printed *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in the magazine *Novy Mir*. The title of Kopelev's essay is borrowed from an earlier idea of Solzhenitsyn's that itself illuminates a major problem for Soviet man: "A Lie is Conquered Only by Truth."

**Anthony Astrachan**

*Anthony Astrachan*, the *Washington Post* correspondent in Moscow from 1969 to 1971, is a research associate of the Center for Policy Research.

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**Correspondence,** *from page 7*

have not been able to put his provocative idea out of my mind since the October 15 issue reached me. Kondracke has succeeded in energizing me into trying to fit a lifetime of observing and analyzing Latin American leaders into a concise, meaningful hierarchy of dictators in descending order of cruelty and service to their respective nations. That one Diarist has repaid me for all the subscription money I've ever sent you.

*Marvin Alisky*
*Arizona State University, Tempe*


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TRB, *from page 2*

Under Interior Department regulations announced in August, excess holdings will have to be sold off at prices set by the government to prevent "windfall" profits reflecting the value of federal water the current owners aren't entitled to.

If the growers can't pressure Andrus into changing his mind, they will go to Congress to get the restrictions repealed. They will argue that modern agriculture has made the populist ideal obsolete, and that farms as small as the law requires will not be economically viable. If this were true, the Interior Department would be hard-put to find buyers for the land that will have to be sold off, let alone worry about excess profits from the sales. But it isn't true. For one thing, the law doesn't limit each farm to 160 acres—it's 160 acres *per family member*. The family huddled in the newspaper ad would be entitled to 960 acres of the world's most productive farmland. According to a 1974 Agriculture Department study, the optimum efficient size for a California farm is 200 to 400 acres.

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"I can't believe this is happening to us," the ad bleats. "This is America." Well this *is* America and so it *is* remarkable that for once a member of the administration has stared the agribusiness lobby in the face and said "no." Let's see if it sticks.

*This week's column is not written by the regular author of TRB. Its author is another member of* The New Republic*'s staff.*

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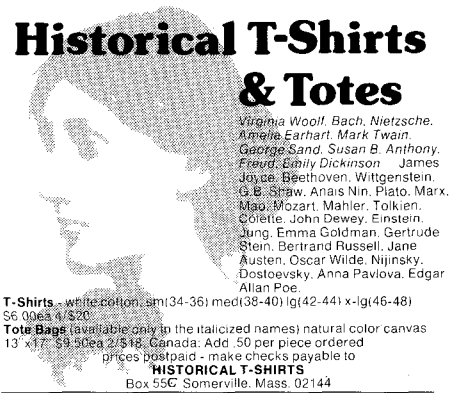
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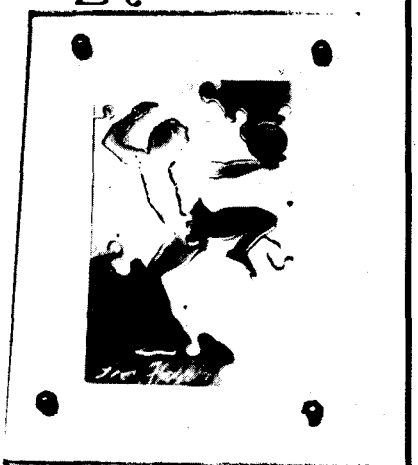

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# India Diarist



**I used to be certain** that the Middle East was the most fascinating, complex, absorbing and demanding region of the world, but now it seems merely an intellectual puzzle compared to the Indian subcontinent. The Mideast is more important to us strategically, granted. Its problems may be insoluble, and they are monumentally dangerous. I am not minimizing the Middle East as a subject for study, but it strikes me that there is something finite about it, whereas India seems bottomless. If you spent a lifetime, you might understand the Middle East, but I think you could wander and ask questions forever in India and never have it in your grasp.

**How can democracy survive** in a place like India? That is a question that strikes you with special force in Calcutta, where the supposed prerequisites of the democratic system not only are absent, but are mocked. There is no general affluence, no universal education, no comfort, no space for individual development. There is only squalor, garbage, mouldering walls and fallen plaster, gray soot in dry weather and overflowing sewers in the rain, scrawny cattle and mangy dogs in the streets, pungent smoke from cow dung fires in the air—and everywhere, teeming, squatting, crowding, relentless crushes of humanity. India is experiencing its third straight boom harvest, so there is flesh on the bones of the street sleepers and beggar children in Calcutta, but there is no hope for any fundamental improvement in the condition of their lives, none.

**Calcutta is such an overwhelming horror** it deadens your sense of generosity and human kinship. You are ready to contemplate euthanasia, sterilization, revolution, dictatorship—anything that offers some end to this outrage. This is not just an American reaction. An Indian friend pointed to a beggar woman and said, "These people have no human rights. They produce nothing but babies and human waste. Otherwise, there is nothing human about them." He detests Indira Gandhi and her son, Sanjay, for suppressing democracy in India for 21 months. But he said of Sanjay's forced sterilization program: "I believe in that. I believe in worse than that. I believe in killing." He did not mean it. He was expressing despair of finding any solution to the dilemma of Indian poverty.

**If there are any answers** or solutions, they ought to be found in New Delhi, and indeed I spent a week there absorbed in conversation about plans, computer projections and some eloquent visions about how things might be made better. Irrigation is supposed to be an answer to the rural unemployment that drives people by the millions into cities like Calcutta. One economist thinks the political parties should unionize the poor and that peasant committees should supervise land reform. India's new government wants to change emphasis from heavy industrialization to light, labor-intensive cottage industries to give jobs to the poor. I have no doubt that the people I talked to were sincere in urging their schemes, but among the educated elite of India as a whole, there is no urgency about putting any of this into effect. The motto of India's ruling elite is, "India is such a vast country with so many problems, it is difficult to solve any of them quickly." It is a true enough statement, but it also justifies elitist self-absorption and postponement of reform. Everyone *says* India would be better off if university graduates got their hands dirty in the countryside, but no one is doing much about it.

**Among the elites**, including major figures of the government, there is little sense that democracy in India faces a deadline. How long, I asked one editor, will India's masses be content to stay poor and illiterate before rising up in revolt? "I would guess, a thousand years," he said. Members of the government predict "unrest," rioting, the defeat of their party in elections if times are bad, but they do not think that the democratic system faces a threat. Who can say for sure that they are wrong? The English constitutional system may have failed in Pakistan, but it has survived in India. One reason is that Hinduism, unlike Islam, does not incline its adherents to Utopianism or revolution. The emphasis of Hinduism is upon acceptance of one's lot on earth and one keeping oneself pure, not on changing the world. India's vastness and diversity makes everyone a member of a regional or linguistic minority—jealous of its prerogatives and anxious not to be dominated by any other group. Suppose a charismatic revolutionary did rise up from the masses and shout, "Throw off your chains!" If his language were, say, Punjabi, he would not be understood by the hundreds of millions who speak India's 800 other languages and dialects. Chances are, he would be squashed inside his own village. India's police can be utterly ruthless, and they take orders from political leaders. The Army, on the other hand, is loyal to the constitution.

India has recently had a charismatic leader who tried to impose authoritarian rule from the top, and Indira Gandhi did not succeed in maintaining her power. Her defeat is taken by leaders of the present government as another sign that the country's masses are thoroughly committed to democracy and that the system is safe. Only one figure of the present government told me he thought that democracy's second chance in India was its last chance. He said, "Next time, any ruler with dictatorial tendencies will not make the mistake of calling elections. The next time, dictatorial rule will be for a longer period." Even he did not envision a revolt from below, but rather imposition of authoritarianism again from above.

**It certainly would be foolish** for an outsider to second-guess the virtually unanimous opinion of articulate and responsible people about the character and future of their own country. Still, one has the feeling that the elites in India are like fleas dancing on the hide of a sleeping elephant, and that they will be irrelevant when the beast awakens. Some editors say they notice signs of stirring in the masses—less deference among servants toward their masters and workers toward their employers, an increase in demand for wordly possession that some attribute to the spread of transistor radios. Television will be a long time coming to 550,000 villages, but it can only accelerate the trend. It is obviously gratifying to believers in democracy that India has reinstated the system, but it is also a wonder and a mystery that it has done so.

**M.M.K.**



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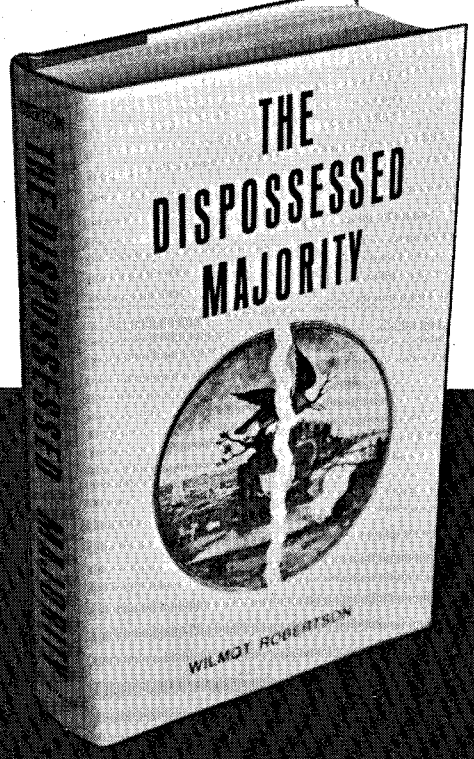


# Silent Treatment Is Given Book Defending American Majority

CENSORSHIP can take many forms. This is the story of a book that was published but might as well have been suppressed because it has been denied avenues of publicity and distribution to get itself read.

The book is called *The Dispossessed Majority* and it concerns race relations in the United States, recited from the point of view of a member of the white majority. A statement from the publisher about the silent treatment accorded this book concludes:

**The censorship of silence imposed by book critics and the book trade on "The Dispossessed Majority" does not prove the abrogation of freedom of thought in this country. After all, the book did get published. But in the final analysis, what good is the freedom to write, if there is very limited freedom to publicize what was written. In order to defend America's largest population group against a continuous stream of often vicious racist propaganda, it would seem that the rights defined in the First Amendment should apply to the dissemination of ideas as well as to their expression.**

*The Dispossessed Majority*, by Wilmot Robertson . . . is neither obscene nor pornographic. It is a serious discussion of race, amply documented with references to the literature of the field. The author has read widely and writes with apparent familiarity on many aspects of the subject. He covers the concept of race, the racial composition of the United States and a split in the ranks of the majority. Some of the chapters cover the [majority-minority] clash in terms of culture, politics, economics, law and foreign policy. While the author's views are controversial they are expressed clearly and logically as a defense of the white Europeans who settled and developed the United States.

The publisher points out that in the last several decades, the ratio of books about American population groups has been 1,000 to one in favor of the minorities and against the majority . . . .

The press and the rest of the media have almost totally ignored the book . . . . Libraries and book stores have refused to stock or display [it] and standard publications of the book trade have not listed it. Difficulty was experienced, the publisher says, in placing advertisements . . . .

Among those who speak well of the book is Devin Garrity, a New York book publisher. Rating it as "a major book under any circumstances," he states: "Instead of meekly accepting the assigned role of has-been, Wilmot Robertson, speaking for the majority 'thinks the unthinkable and says the unsayable,' as one reader puts it. And he does it in superb English prose . . . ."

*The Dispossessed Majority* now has appeared in paperback form [586 pages, including index]. It is priced at [$5.00 postpaid] and may be ordered by mail from Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc., Box 76, Cape Canaveral, Fla., 32920.

T. R. WARING
Editor

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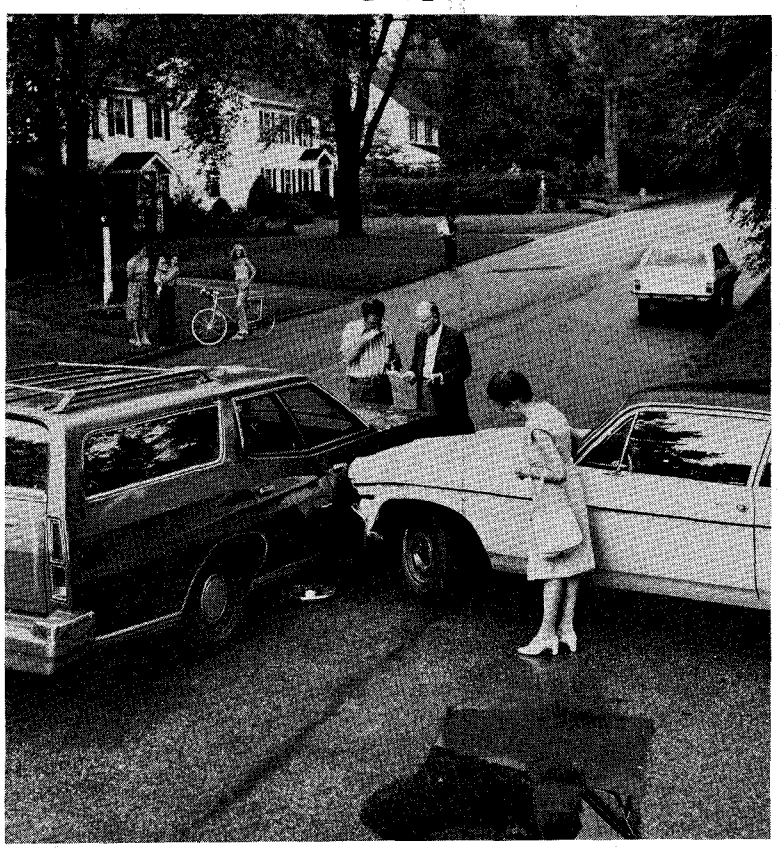

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